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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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Environmentalism For Conservatives

Edward O. Wilson ◆ John Baden ◆ Frederick Turner

William R. Jordan III

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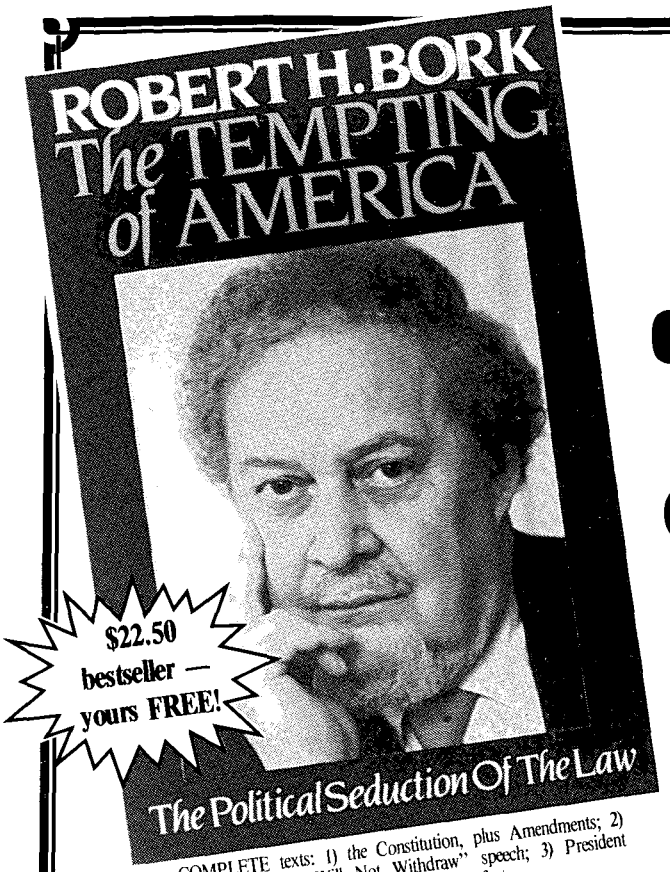

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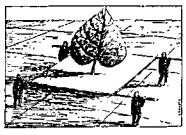

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE
Vol. 14, No. 8 August 1990

On 'Assaulting the Compact'

It is hard to disagree with Janet Scott Barlow (April 1990) about lazy smug parents and their nasty children. Nobody likes to deal with other people's ill-behaved kids, especially when the parents seem unconcerned and incapable. Further, criticizing the way other people raise their families is a favorite American sport, right up there with criticizing their choice of spouses.

But if I understand Mrs. Barlow's thesis correctly, that parents should raise their children firmly, quietly, and (most especially) out of the way of the rest of us, then I do disagree. Each of us is responsible, individually and collectively, to assist in raising the children around us in whatever ways we can. Sometimes mere tolerance is appropriate. Sometimes a gentle word from a stranger is exactly what is needed. For example, Mrs. Barlow's firm "Goodbye, Jeffrey" seems right on the mark. But Mrs. Barlow resents being called upon for such service. Maybe she also resents paying taxes to support public schools and all of the other services provided primarily to other people's children.

The little Jeffreys of this world need all the help they can get, even from strangers. And the only people worse than parents who do not take seriously the responsibility they have to raise their own children are the other people who do not even realize their own ancillary responsibilities in the same task.

Stephen St. Marie
San Francisco, CA

This was the best piece I've seen on weak parents. Mrs. Barlow could have used my most recent encounters with unruly children as other fine examples of undisciplined kids.

While seated for three hours in the reading area of a library, I witnessed an impromptu game of tag, heard a couple of unstifled burps, and listened to a three-year-old crying repeatedly that he "wants to go to the mall." Earlier that day, while waiting for the bank to open, a woman stood by with her two sons, aged about four and five. Each son rode his bike everywhere, even up the steps of the bank, shouting and arguing the entire time.

I tell myself in those situations that when I have kids, they'll never behave like that. I remember how I and my brothers and sister behaved in public places: not a sound, not a step from where we were told to wait. A smart remark to mom or dad meant certain death.

But people just a few years younger than me (I'm 33) seem to be willing to accept unruly behavior as the way it is. Indeed, many of Mrs. Barlow's "Really Terrific Parents" are in their 30's. Are we to blame their upbringing?

Where are the truly good parents hiding? I know they're out there somewhere.

Terence McIver
Parma, OH

Mrs. Barlow Replies:

While I appreciate Mr. McIver's nice comment, my point was not that future mothers and fathers should say to themselves, as he does upon encountering ill-behaved children and indifferent parents, "[W]hen I have kids, they'll never behave like that." My point was that future parents should say to themselves, "When I'm a parent I'll never behave like that." I think that's as far as we dare go. I *have* to think that, because at the age of three, one of my children was, at times, quite like the three-year-old Mr. McIver encountered in the library—full of "unstifled burps" and noisy demands to "go to the mall." Sometimes I tried creative distraction (for the demands, not the burps), and sometimes it worked. Other times, I simply took him home. And once in a while, I went ahead and took him to the mall, just because he deserved it, just because kids can have lousy days too, and if a quick trip to the mall in the company of someone who cares about you is all it takes to make things better . . . well, isn't that part of what

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loved ones are for? (However, he never played tag in the library or rode his bike up the steps of the bank, and if he had done either of those things, I would have made him *cut it out*, no matter what kind of a day he was having.)

As for Mr. St. Marie's assertion that "[e]ach of us is responsible, individually and collectively, to assist in the raising of the children around us," obviously I reject it outright. To do otherwise would make me what I wrote the article to protest: a parent who thinks her children's behavior is someone else's problem. When it comes to childrearing (and lots of other things), I do not believe in collective responsibility, collective guilt, or shared glory. (That last one is important; it means that if my kids turn out OK, Mr. St. Marie had better not go stealing my thunder.) The "little Jeffreys of this world" are my responsibility as a human being and a citizen if they are hungry, abused, or abandoned. If they are merely ill-behaved, don't call me, because I didn't cause it and can't fix it, and I think it is futile and perhaps dangerous to try. I would suggest to Mr. St. Marie that if, as a "stranger," he goes around exercising his "ancillary responsibilities" in the rearing of other people's children, he will eventually be told, at the very least, to mind his own business—a reaction I'm all for, because it is an expression of parental territorialism, something too many parents lack in the face of "experts," "society," and yes, "strangers." The reason I felt so little "tolerance" for Jeffrey's mother was precisely *because* she had abandoned him to the false authority of a stranger. In saying good-bye to Jeffrey, I was not providing him or his mother with a "service." I was solving a minor problem—mine, not Jeffrey's—in the most efficient and practical manner I could think of. The only meaningful "help" available to Jeffrey at that moment was his mother's to give. Ideally, the rights of parents exist for the benefit of children. But children receive no benefit from parental rights if parents don't assume their corresponding responsibilities. My problem with Jeffrey's mother was that she was exercising the first right of every parent—she was raising her child as she pleased—while abdicating the first responsibility of all parents, which is to stand in the gap and do those things that *only* parents can do, to be totally and constantly accountable for our children's needs and behavior, no excuses, shortcuts, or fall guys, no time off, no ten-minute breaks. And Jeffrey's mother was on a break. Thus her exercise of her parental rights affected Jeffrey while providing him no benefit. In my book, that's a no-no.

Finally, I have no idea how or why Mr. St. Marie would assume from what I wrote that I might "resent paying taxes" to support either public schools or "services provided primarily to other people's children." In any case, he's wrong, because I don't.

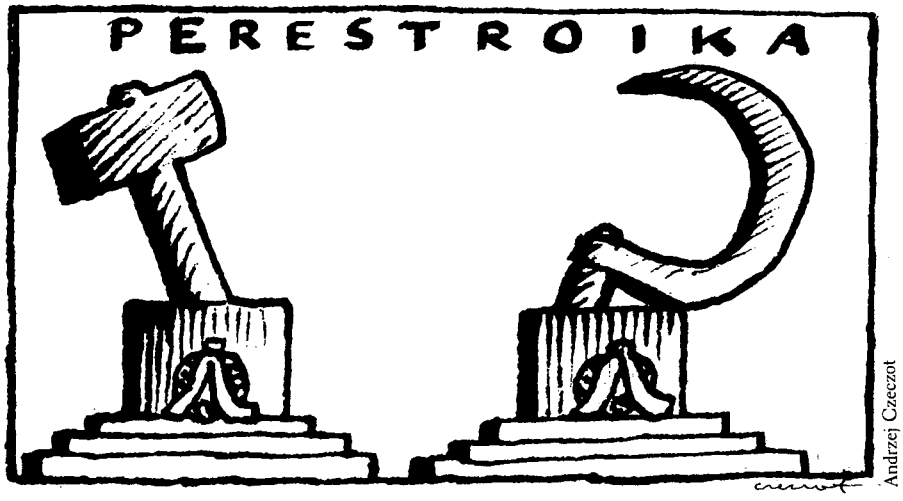
On 'Mixing Oil and Water'

I was surprised to find Ira H. Mehlman's "Mixing Oil and Water" (March 1990) in *Chronicles*. While the author's paradigm, a skepticism towards a policy of free immigration into the United States, probably fits with that of the magazine's editorial position, his attempt to prove his thesis by comparing the political and social conditions of the Sephardic Jewish community in Israel to that of Hispanics in the United States is not only superficial but misleading.

This portrayal of the Sephardic Jews as a bunch of Third World primitives who failed to be absorbed by the supposedly enlightened, liberal, and humanistic Zionist European leadership reflects the line of arguments the Ashkenazic leadership in Israel has been perpetuating for years in order to justify their gradual erosion of power. Like frustrated Democrats in this country, the Ashkenazic leaders of the Israeli Labor Party have been pointing to the "ignorance" of the voters as an explanation for their bad luck at the polls.

First, it is important to remember that (in contrast to Mehlman's spin) while it is true that the Ashkenazic Jews came to Israel from "Europe," those parts of Europe were the most backward areas of the Russian Empire, whose political, social, and cultural conditions were not very different from that of many Third World societies today. At the same time, many of the Sephardic Jews who arrived in Israel, including those who came from the Arab countries, lived in cosmopolitan and urban centers like Baghdad, Alexandria, and Casablanca, and were educated in Paris and London. Many of those immigrants were educated professionals, including lawyers and physicians, whom the Ashkenazic socialist bureaucrats forced to settle in agricultural communities and poor "development towns" to work in farming and menial jobs.

Moreover, the leaders of socialist Zionism were not "humanists" or "liberals." Their political culture derived from that of the Russian Revolution (or, in the case of the right-wing Zionists, from Central Europe Fascism), which many of them supported and some even participated in. Indeed, what they established in Israel was a hard-core socialist system that still favors the Ashkenazic managerial elite of social engineers. It is an Israeli version of the corporate-welfare state that sup-



Andrzej Czeczot

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presses the free market forces and has turned the Sephardic Jews (as well as the Arab minority) into its obedient serfs.

Whenever the Sephardic Jews have been able to operate in conditions of a free market, in the few capitalist islands in Israel (and certainly in places like France and Canada), they have done much better than the Ashkenazic Jews. A recent study released by Tel Aviv University suggests that whereas the economic gap between Ashkenazic and Sephardic Jews in the Israeli public sector is as wide as ever, it is actually narrowing dramatically in the private sector. Moreover, the antireligious policies of the Ashkenazic elite helped to destroy the traditional family base and proud Jewish identity many of the Sephardic immigrants brought from the Arab countries, and attempted to impose on them an alien secular and socialist cultural agenda.

As I suggested in a recent article, the relationship between the Socialist Ashkenazic elite and the Sephardim in Israel can be compared, if anything, to the relationship between the American liberal elite and the Southerners and so-called white ethnics in this country.

Like American Southerners and Catholics, the Israeli Sephardim have rebelled against the political culture that a snobbish and arrogant elite attempted to impose on them. Unfortunately, the Sephardim have not found yet an authentic political outlet for their anger and frustration, and have been absorbed by the Ashkenazic-controlled Likud Party, whose anti-Arab attitudes reflect Jewish racism imported from Eastern Europe.

As an "Ashkeradic" (i.e., half-Ashkenazic, half-Sephardic) Jew I am proud of the contributions these two Jewish tribes have made to world civilization and to Israel. It is sad to follow attempts by people like Mr. Mehlman to tarnish the image and to denigrate a Jewish community that not only produced such giants as Maimonides, Benjamin Disraeli, David Ricardo, Judah Benjamin, and Benjamin Cardozo, as well as an Israeli president and army chief of staff, but is also gradually and successfully transforming the decaying statist political and economic system in Israel.

—Leon T. Hadar
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Mehlman Replies:

I am surprised that Leon T. Hadar has interpreted what I wrote in "Mixing Oil and Water" as being an exaltation of the Ashkenazic elite. Personally, I thought I had been rather hard on them for the heavy-handed manner in which they handled immigrant flows from North Africa and the Middle East.

The point of the article was not so much to make value judgments, but rather to illustrate the difficulties of assimilating disparate cultures into some sort of harmonious union. I believe there is empirical evidence to suggest that both Hispanics and Sephardim, as groups, continue to lag behind Anglos and Ashkenazim in terms of income, educational attainment, and other important social factors. This, to me, is a clear indication that the assimilation process has not worked as it should, and all parties must share in the blame.

The article was in no way a whitewash of the Zionist socialists. If anything, the article is extremely critical of the Ashkenazic elite for th paternalistic and condescending manner in which they greeted their brethren from the East. I think the article is quite clear that the second-rate education Israel provided many Sephardim, the development towns where the ruling socialists "encouraged" many Sephardic immigrants to settle, contributed to the problems many Sephardim now experience. That doesn't mean, however, that the culture and behavior of many Sephardim haven't also contributed to the development of a Sephardic underclass. Large-scale social failure is almost always a collaborative effort.

Perhaps the most telling observation about the failure of the assimilation process in Israel is made by Mr. Hadar himself. He writes, "Unfortunately, the Sephardim have not found yet an authentic political outlet . . . and have been absorbed by the Ashkenazic controlled Likud Party." Why, after more than a quarter of a century as the majority population of Israel, haven't the Sephardim found their political voice? Perhaps more importantly, why after 42 years of independence does a Jewish state still have political parties that represent ethnic interests?

I admit that I believe that the interests of both Israel and the United States are best served by maintaining the dominance of their European cultures. Israel's lot is inexorably cast with the West, if for no other reason that it will never gain the acceptance of its neighbors in the East. I also believe that the European culture of the United States helped make this country the richest, strongest, and freest society mankind has ever known. That is not to say that there isn't a lot of room for improvement or that there aren't things of value we can learn from other cultures. However, I see nothing wrong with asking those who come here to enjoy the benefits of this society to embrace the basic values of the dominant culture.

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THIS AUGUST ISSUE has been long in the works. Supported by a generous grant from the William H. Donner Foundation, which has underwritten this entire issue, we were able to hold a little meeting at the Drake Hotel in Chicago in January. To discuss the question of environmental ethics, we assembled a diverse group of people, almost none of them known to each other. In addition to the *Chronicles* editors (Katherine Dalton, Theodore Pappas, Chilton Williamson, and myself), we brought together John Baden, one of the foremost free-market environmentalists, Andrew Kimbrell, a partner of Jeremy Rifkin's at The Foundation on Economic Trends, William Jordan of the Wisconsin Arboretum and a founder of the ecological restoration movement, novelist and outdoor writer William Mills, Frederick Turner, whose poetry and essays have appeared frequently in this magazine, and Michael Warder, executive vice president of The Rockford Institute.

The conversation was always lively and often pointed, and there were gaping fissures—never to be bridged—between Andy Kimbrell and John Baden, but the group did basically come to something like agreement on a number of points. The first and most important point was, more or less, metaphysical: radical environmentalism had gone sour on humanity, which it saw as an evil force lying outside nature. A proper environmentalist ethic would have to be grounded in a recognition of man's place in (as well as outside of) nature. A part of being human, we agreed, was our interest in other forms of life, and I think we were all impressed by E.O. Wilson's *Biophilia*, in which he argues that man is by nature a naturalist. Although Professor Wilson was unable to attend the meeting, his work formed one of the basic premises of the discussion.

If man is and must be an important consideration for any environmentalism, schemes that go against the grain of human nature are doomed, not just to fail but to do enormous harm. The most obvious antihuman policies have been based on a contempt for property rights. In work done by Garret Hardin and John Baden on "the tragedy of the commons," it had been shown that property held in common (especially by large groups) was far more likely to be abused than privately held land. It was essential, we agreed, to restore the sense of land ownership both in the literal sense and in the broader sense of local (as opposed to national) control. "Think globally, act locally," was the watchword, although I have reservations about even thinking globally.

We talked about a great many things, particularly the need to appeal to the imagination and to the aesthetic sense. As important as economic and legal arguments were, no human-centered environmentalism could succeed if its arguments were confined to cost/benefit calculations. Above all, what emerged was an appreciation for what man could do, if he put his mind to it, to undo much of the harm he had done. While so much environmentalism today would tell human beings to get out and stay out of the woods and grasslands, confining our activities to the strictly negative function of doing no harm, Bill Jordan and the restorationists are offering us an opportunity to use science and technology in restoring degraded land and cutover forests. As tempting as it is to turn our backs on the science and technology that have helped to pollute the world, it is vitally important to press them into service. As Fred Turner pointed out, part of being human (and Western) is our enthusiasm for challenges and the conviction that there is little we cannot do. Restoration efforts will not only draw out what is best in the American character, they will also reinvolve us actively as a partner in nature. What is needed, argued both Turner and Jordan, was the modern equivalent of the great landscape gardeners of the 17th and 18th centuries.

Although the purpose of the meeting (and of this issue) was to lay the foundations for a conservative ethic of environmentalism, only half the participants could really be described as "conservatives." This was partly out of a desire to have a lively debate—and no one is livelier in debate than Mr. Kimbrell—but partly because of the dearth of serious thought on the right. The knee-jerk conservative response is to make light of the dangers and make fun of the Greens. While this skepticism has occasionally thrown a healthy bucket of cold water on the hysterical prognosticators, it has generally revealed a mentality that can see no good beyond this year's balance sheet. A "bottom-line" conservatism is simply unable to grapple with most of the serious problems that confront us: environmental crises, Third World overpopulation, crime, immigration, and the general deterioration of standards—cultural and moral—in American life.

Years ago, back in 1976, I began a long letter to a leading conservative journalist. What I wanted to know then, and I still want to know now, is why conservation is not a primary conservative cause. Answering that and related questions took me farther and farther away from the rhythms and forms of Greek poetry and drama and more and more into the realms of philosophy, social theory, and political issues, the themes that occupy so much space in this magazine.

I had always hoped that some conservative group would make environmentalism their issue, but the only good work I could discover was being done by the free-marketeers/libertarians at FREE (John Baden) and PERC (Richard Stroup and Jane Shaw). And while there are other, noneconomic dimensions to this question, these people are pioneers who braved both the anger of the left and the contempt of the right. It was not until this year that I returned seriously to the question posed in the letter that I never sent, and I offer you this issue as a first, fumbling attempt to wrestle with the question.

—*Thomas Fleming*

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FREE-MARKET ENVIRONmentalists, that small band of economists, didn't talk much about the National Park Service in the early 1980's. In their effort to convince the public that the government is often a poor steward, they concentrated on commodity-producing agencies that are supposed to be efficient, agencies such as the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management. Their recommendation to put even these agencies into private hands met such fierce resistance that it seemed futile to discuss the National Park Service, which has an almost sanctified image as a protector of pristine nature.

That situation changed in 1986 when Alston Chase published *Playing God in Yellowstone*. His book provided a case study of mismanagement that supported nearly every point that the free-marketers wanted to make. Chase argued persuasively that the park's wildlife habitat had deteriorated to the point where its ecological balance was seriously askew. He contended that the cause was the "hands-off" or "natural regulation" approach adopted in 1972, which was designed to let nature regulate Yellowstone's wildlife as if white men had never arrived.

When Yellowstone burst into flames in 1988, Chase's criticisms received new attention. As the fires burned out of control, critics inside and outside government blamed the Park Service's "hands-off" policy (which quickly became known as the "let burn" policy). This policy, which allowed lightning-caused or "natural" fires to burn out of control, ignored the fact that fires had been suppressed for nearly a hundred years; the buildup of fuel contributed to the severity of the 1988 fires.

Chase had identified other problems with the "hands-off" approach, too. For example, predators such as the wolf and the mountain lion were eliminated long ago, so Yellowstone's habitat is hardly "natural" today. Without predators and without any regulation of herd size by the Park Service, elk numbers have grown rapidly. Several biologists and range scientists argue that elk overgrazing has halted regrowth of vegetation such as willow and aspen and contributed to the near-extinction of beaver on the park's northern range. The "hands-off" approach also meant that the elk's population was headed for a crash when a severe winter came and food became scarce. That day came during the winter following the fires; one-quarter to one-third of the elk are believed to have died, mostly from starvation.

So it turns out that, just like the "commodity" agencies, the National Park Service is subject to political pressures—not just occasionally but inherently. "So long as the parks are owned and operated by government, the managers must be politically responsive to the various interest groups and constituent pressures within the stated mission of each park," writes Richard Stroup in a new multi-authored book, *The Yellowstone Primer* (edited by John A. Baden and Donald R. Leal, Pacific Institute for Policy Research), which picks up where *Playing God in Yellowstone* leaves off. "Yet the very existence of different interest groups with conflicting goals, each quite legitimate . . . means that achieving the public good is a difficult task."

Until the 1988 fires the "hands-off" approach was a politically successful strategy. It was championed by leaders of the top activist environmental groups, strong political allies of the Park Service, and for the most part it avoided conflict with the general public. Indeed, Park Service rangers had tried killing elk in the 1960's to cull the growing herd, but the public outcry was so great that they had to stop—and "hands off" or "natural" regulation justified future decisions not to intervene. (A park official contends that a similar public outcry would have been heard if the Park Service had intervened to gradually burn off the accumulating tinder that worsened the fires of 1988.)

Nonintervention policy may have worked politically, but it hasn't enhanced or protected the environment. If Yellowstone is going to preserve its wildlife, managers need greater freedom from special interest groups but also more accountability for their actions. (The National Park Service public relations machine often takes the place of accountability.)

Private nonprofit organizations are more effective in protecting the environment, partly because they have the freedom to intervene when doing so is consistent with their mission. For example, The Nature Conservancy protects grizzly bears on its preserve at Pine Butte, Montana, by setting and controlling fires that stimulate plant growth and by planting native vegetation such as chokecherries that grizzlies eat. And Ducks Unlimited actively creates wetlands to protect waterfowl.

Since private ownership of any national park is not politically feasible, free-market environmentalists have tried to come up with approaches that mimic private ownership. One of those is Richard Stroup's proposal for quasi-private park endowment boards that would manage segments of national parks.

Stroup's idea is to dedicate each park unit (a large, diverse park would have more than one unit) to a narrow purpose, create a board of environmentalists committed to that purpose, and give them freedom to act as long as they remain true to the narrowly specified goal. Rather than obtain support from congressional appropriations (the avenue for political control), the endowment would be financed the way private organizations finance their activities—by means such as entrance fees, voluntary donations, and even, when an endowment board deems it appropriate, oil or mineral rights. The purpose of a park endowment board would be to find a way to let managers concentrate on carrying out their mission, something that Park Service managers are hampered from doing now.

—Jane S. Shaw

CHILDREN ARE DYING in an increasing number of ingenious ways, and the only thing more disturbing than this trend is the even more ingenious way in which society is rationalizing and legally justifying their deaths.

Two-year-old Robyn Twitchell died at his parents' home in Massachusetts on April 8, 1986, after suffering for five days with constipation caused by a birth defect. The parents are currently on trial for manslaughter because they denied their son all medical treatment and attempted to cure him solely with prayer, in accordance with their Christian Science faith. Lawyers for the Twitchells, however, claim that the trial is nothing less than a case of religious persecution, for a 1971 Massachusetts child abuse and neglect law recognizes spiritual healing as a legitimate alterna-

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tive to medical treatment. Medical testimony presented by the prosecution revealed not only that Robyn's ailment could have been detected by an X-ray and corrected by surgery, but that he could also have been resuscitated up to thirty minutes after he fell into cardiac arrest. According to the prosecution, Robyn had been dead for at least thirty minutes and possibly for as long as several hours by the time he was brought to Boston's Carney Hospital.

A similar scene is being played out in Hamilton County, Indiana, where last April 15 six-month-old Sean Woodrum died of untreated bronchial pneumonia. His parents are members of a religious sect called Faith Assembly, which shuns any use of medicine and requires physical healing by prayer alone. As of this writing, the parents are awaiting trial on charges of reckless homicide. The parents' defense? Freedom of religion.

Such cases are not uncommon. In fact, the organization CHILD—Children's Healthcare Is a Legal Duty—has identified 140 cases of religiously based medical neglect in which children died. Started in 1983 by ex-Christian Scientist Rita Swan, whose own 16-month-old son died in 1977 when she and her husband and Christian Science practitioners attempted to cure his meningitis solely with prayer, the organization has been at the forefront of the movement to repeal the state immunity laws that condone medical neglect in the name of freedom of religion. (Forty-three states and the District of Columbia have laws that shield medical neglect cases from child abuse charges and six states have exemptions allowing for "nonmedical remedial treatment." Only one state, South Dakota, has repealed all such exemptions and immunity laws.) Her organization's philosophy is simple: that the First Amendment is not without its limits and responsibilities, that freedom of religion does not allow individuals to deprive their children of necessary medical care. (More information about this organization can be obtained by writing CHILD, Inc., P.O. Box 2604, Sioux City, Iowa, 51106.)

Freedom of religion, however, is but one of many specious arguments currently in vogue to explain and justify the death of children. The successful insanity defense of 18-year-old Claire Hilary Moritt of Hollywood is as offensive in its absurdity as it is gruesome in its detail. A college student at Hillsborough Community College in Tampa, Florida, Ms. Moritt was charged with first-degree murder in October 1989 for drowning in a dormitory bathroom the six-pound, nine-ounce boy she had just given birth to moments before. Roommates found the dead newborn stuffed headfirst in a toilet. Although it is clear that Ms. Moritt committed the act, she was acquitted of all charges last April. Her successful defense? A "dissociative disorder" had caused her to forget that she was pregnant and that she had given birth and to kill the baby during a bout of temporary insanity. Ms. Moritt's sanity miraculously reappeared with news of the acquittal. She told the press that she planned to continue her college education so that she could "study law and be able to help other people"—other wrongly accused "victims," no doubt.

The deaths of these children expose many paradoxes. Just as we forbid as insensitive the public display of Nativity scenes while funding a crucifix submerged in urine, we encourage social service agencies to intervene in families that spank their children while deeming the life of a newborn to be no more important than that of the unborn. Fathers are allowed no say in abortion decisions, but they are given a tax break for making decisions that lead to the death of their children (federal tax law considers faith healing a deductible medical expense). And with many of the children who are dying from medical neglect dying amid great suffering and pain (Robyn Twitchell was reportedly vomiting, dehydrated, and in a near comatose state before he died), we can only wonder about the meaning and worth of our laws against cruel and unusual punishment.

In other words, responsibility for the deaths of these children should of course be laid at their parents' door, but some of the blame must also fall on the kinder and gentler and more sensitive society we have fashioned and fussed over for decades—one that measures the virtue of its culture by the degree to which rights and newfangled interpretations of rights can be furthered at the expense of such old-fashioned principles as moral responsibility and individual accountability. Freedom of religion once meant the right to worship in public, until the government began telling us where and how we can worship. Now it means the right to kill children. Perhaps it's time to give the continent back to the Aztecs.

—*Theodore Pappas*

THE SIMPSONS is both the hottest and the most controversial program on television. At first sight, a cartoon show for children and adults is not promising material for "equality" TV (remember *The Flintstones*? *The Jetsons*?). Worse, the graphic style of the show is as disturbing as any drawing we have ever printed in *Chronicles*: the Simpsons themselves are only grotesque, but other characters, like the bartender, have sinister, bestial faces.

The most controversial aspect of the show is not the graphics, but the portrayal of a family of chronic underachievers. There are Simpsons T-shirts that bear the slogan: "I'M AN UNDERACHIEVER AND PROUD OF IT." Drug Czar William Bennett takes this seriously enough to lash out at patients in a Pittsburgh drug-treatment center. According to the AP story, when Bennett spied a poster of Bart Simpson, he exclaimed: "You guys aren't watching the Simpsons, are you? That's not going to help you any." A spokesman for the show confined himself to a dry rejoinder: "I am not aware of any one TV program that will help teenagers kick the drug habit." But, considering the impact of television on its young viewers, Mr. Bennett had raised a legitimate question.

The trouble is, *The Simpsons* may be among the most moral TV programs ever offered to family audiences. By "moral," I mean concerned with questions of right and wrong. One episode found Bart asking his father if popularity was really important. Informed that it was the most important thing in the world, the boy goes out and decapitates the statue of the town's founder, as his friends had pressured him to do. When the town goes into shock and mourning, the boy eventually confesses to his parents. His father willingly assumes responsibility and

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helps the boy take the head back, but not before the two of them are captured by an angry mob. What are these immoral themes? Family loyalty, local patriotism, the willingness to accept blame.

What really upsets America's ruling class is the notion that average Americans don't want or need them or their false values. Bart, the underachiever, is in one episode sufficiently tempted that he cheats on an intelligence test and gets sent to a school for gifted children, all of whom turn out to be cruel snobs. But the most populist episode finds Bart sticking up for his hero, a TV clown accused of committing an armed robbery to which Bart's father was a key witness. At first the boy trusts the evidence but later comes to believe in his hero's character. As it turns out, the real villain is the clown's sidekick, who always wanted to improve the tone of the program. He reads improving books (obviously from a list prepared by the Department of Education) to the kiddies. And whose voice is that of the cultivated poseur? Kelsey Grammer, otherwise known as Dr. Frasier Crane on *Cheers*.

Illusion and reality. We want our kids to grow up reading the right books and thinking the right thoughts, speaking in a Harvard-professor accent, but when (as in the case of Mr. Grammer) they do, they get arrested on a DUI charge and violate their probation. Perhaps it is better to be an underachiever, if that means working a steady job, taking care of the kids, and muddling through like the Simpsons. If the success of their show is any indication, it means that the 80's—the decade of Yuppies, networking, LBO's, power breakfasts, designer tennis shoes, and the high-priced watery vinegar they call New Beaujolais—are finally over.

—*Thomas Fleming*

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

One of the unmistakable signs that a new civilization is about to leap forth from the crumbling cocoon of an old is the transformation in the meaning of traditional holidays. When a rising Christian elite seized political and cultural power in the late Roman Empire, it lost no time in turning the old Roman Saturnalia of late December into Christmas. The word "Easter" derives from the name of a pre-Christian dawn goddess, and the Christian observance of the Resurrection is closely linked with the rites of earlier religions that marked the vernal equinox and the annual rebirth of natural life. The elite that forms the core of a civilization understands that it's usually easier to build its power on the wreckage that lies to hand than to start all over from a blank slate.

So it is with the emerging global civilization that now twitches in the neurons of the planet's transnational elites. Today in the United States, the real year begins not with the midnight debauchery of New Year's Eve but with the far more pious festivals of Martin Luther King Day and Black History Month, which offer occasions for exposing the evils of the old regime and proclaiming the universalist, cosmopolitan, and egalitarian vision that makes the eyes of the new elite flutter and drip. But these celebrations are not nearly as useful in binding the planet's human cattle to the chariots of the coming Caesars as this year's orgy of health, safety, and sunshine known as "Earth Day."

No doubt for the several hundred thousand greenies who descended on the nation's metropolitan centers on April 22 to prostrate themselves in homage to the earth, the festival really was a chance to spit in the face of what they think is a capitalist oligarchy that insists on making people work in factories, eat cholesterol, and get suntans. But the truth is that the celebration, so far from being a revolt against the powers that rule the earth, was actually a proclamation from their headquarters.

Regulation of the "environment" involves much more than the solar panels and tree-planting beloved of schoolchildren and grown-ups whose mental age is no higher than that of 12-year-olds. Since the environment includes everywhere and everything, "preserving," "protecting," and "taking care" of it is little more than a formula for a new species of totalitarianism far more profound than even *la famille* Ceausescu could have imagined. As currently understood, it encompasses not only the labor you perform but also what and how much you eat, where and how you travel, what you do with your leisure time, how you maintain your health, how you raise your children, and indeed whether you may have children.

Unknown to most of those who swoon in adoration of the earth are the bottomless opportunities this understanding of the environment offers to those who would like to control all these ordinary activities. Nor do most earth-worshipers seem to suspect the sacrifices their new goddess and her high priests will demand of them. Anti-tobacco zealots who rejoice in the illegalization of smoking may not be so merry once they realize they are creating precedents for the banning of meat and potatoes. Mawkish maidens who weep over the fate of youngsters molested by their parents and demand federal action to save the children may one day regret that the state will tell them whom they may or may not marry. Citizens who vow to study war no more may recoil when potentates halfway around the globe are drafting the rules that govern their lives. So far, the "right," immersed in its economic determinism and obsessions, has whimpered only about the jobs that will be lost and the taxes that will have to be paid as a result of environmentalist laws and policies; but it has largely ignored or failed to recognize the far more serious danger that the Cult of the Earth presents—the technocratic manipulation of the daily lives of individuals and societies by the elites that have created and made use of environmentalism.

The environmentalist movement is an odd bag that contains, besides the innocent calves who provided the cannon fodder for Earth Day, at least two main components. On the one hand, there is the part represented by the professional, well-funded, highly-skilled, and well-connected environ-

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mentalist lobbies that include the heavily bureaucratized and technocratic funds and foundations, as well as the corporate, governmental, and academic organizations that understand how to use the movement to enhance their own power at the expense of social institutions and habits, local jurisdictions and national sovereignties, and cultural identities and relationships. It is this part of the movement that has effectively created Earth Day and environmentalism as respectable and even fashionable causes, because it realizes they and their symbols are not threats to its power but rather the best thing to happen to it since the Earl of Sandwich invented fast food.

On the other hand, there is another component of environmentalism that is usually manipulated and exploited by the first. This part of the movement rejects the whole idea of a technological society and an elite that bases its power on technology. As some of its champions readily acknowledge, it is not, strictly speaking, a "left" or "progressivist" movement but a reactionary force. It not only rejects technology and its applications to man, machine, and nature, but also seeks to make a quick march out of the Newtonian universe, Darwinian biology, Lockean sensationalist psychology, and a unilinear conception of history.

But it is reactionary mainly because it merely rejects modernism, not because it seriously aims at restoring pre-modernism. While it idealizes premodern (usually primitive and animistic) communities, it seems to be content with fantasizing about pastoral Nirvanas where the meanest machine available is a slingshot. It offers no realistic social models as alternatives to technological modernism, no means of arriving at such alternatives, and no particularly compelling reasons to look for them. Many of its adherents wind up (or start out) sucked into occultism, mysticism, and New Age esoterica.

Its critique of modernism is essentially ethical, but it nevertheless relies on scientific (or pseudoscientific) prophecies of material, natural disasters that will ravage the Earth unless we abandon modern technology and the social structures and world view that support it. When these prophecies turn out to be unreliable (as global warming theories have), the environmentalist challenge to modernism collapses. But by depending on science to support its claims, reactionary environmentalism crawls into bed with the very technological system it claims to repudiate and allows managerial environmentalists to assimilate it and manipulate it for their own purposes.

One reason reactionary environmentalism offers no sustained ethical critique of modernism is that its proponents probably realize it would sound even more bizarre than the doomsaying they usually thunder about. For all the pother about global warming, acid rain, resource depletion, carcinogenic foods, insecticides, and spray deodorants, no one other than the most marginal oddballs and the most ethereal eggheads really wants to live like the Iroquois, the Eskimo, or medieval serfs. No one even wants to live like American farmers of the 19th century. The remarkable absence of people who choose to exist at pre-industrial levels of subsistence is due only in part to the materialism which holds that for some reason such technologies as running water are preferable to hauling buckets from the village well. Societies that do prefer such levels or can't move beyond them don't survive in competition with those that don't or can. Moreover, the civilization of the West is distinguished from other cultural complexes in large part by a quality that Oswald Spengler called its "Faustian" character, its seemingly irrepressible impulse to expand, explore, conquer, and create, and its capacity to institutionalize this impulse in intellectual and aesthetic life, as well as in politics, the economy, and technology.

Contrary to Spengler, the Faustian dynamism of the West is characteristic not only of modernity but also of ancient and medieval Europe. Probably its first manifestation was in the prehistoric outpourings of the Indo-Europeans into continental Europe and their rapid conquest of more primal societies that had the misfortune to get in their way. Millennia later it popped up again in the ethos that impelled Europeans to build roads and aqueducts across deserts, design Gothic cathedrals, invent capitalism and industry, stretch out to China, Africa, and North and South America, hold sway over continents and the oceans that link them, and ultimately intrude into the caverns of the atom and reach upward toward the stars.

Whether they called their holidays Christmas or the Saturnalia, the elites that created European civilization understood that they and the people they ruled were destined for something other than the bucolic toe-picking that reactionary environmentalists seem to think is the chief and proper end of mankind. They understood also that while economic growth and technological innovation are part of the Faustian ethos, they are not the whole of it. They would therefore have regarded the preoccupation with acquisitive and hedonistic individualism and the manic pursuit of growth and gratification championed by contemporary "conservatives" as a deformation of that ethos, no less than the primitivist whinings of the greenies; and they would have recognized in the resurrection and cultivation of Faustian aspirations the only authentic source of an enduring technological civilization of the future. ◈

LIBERAL ARTS

THE BLUE GRASS STATE

Domestic production of America's number one cash crop—marijuana—jumped sixfold in the 1980's, tripling in the past three years alone. According to information from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, the area contributing the most to this boom is cash-starved Appalachia, particularly the Booneville region of Eastern Kentucky.

Although the mountainous terrain is too steep and remote for an exact accounting, it appears that one-third of all marijuana plants cultivated on public lands are now found amid the lands of the Daniel Boone National Forest. Informants have told prosecutors that as many as four in ten residents of Booneville's Owsley County now grow marijuana for profit. Marijuana growers are reportedly paying grocery bills with C-notes, and formerly unemployed field hands are paying cash for new trucks.

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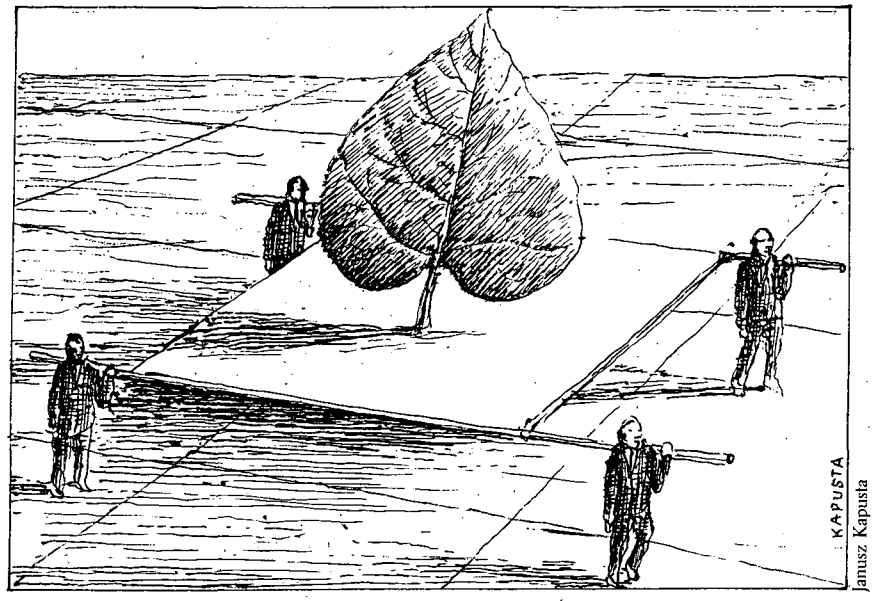

Short Views on Earth Day

by Thomas Fleming

Earth Day 1990. In front of the local library a few dozen people dressed up like Hollywood extras in a movie about the 60's are "carrying signs that say hurray for our side," while all over town there are alleys full of garbage, creeks choked with old mufflers and rusted appliances. In New York, Chicago, and most large cities, hundreds of thousands of urbanites gather to celebrate their oneness with nature by listening to electrically produced music blasted through massive electronic sound systems. The results will be marketed by international record companies that batten on the ignorance and gullibility of children.

Most of the protests against Earth Day came from celebrity journalists who resented the intrusion of celebrity actors and celebrity singers into their domain. In the midst of all this rejoicing, I felt like a Jehovah's Witness on the first Christmas after his conversion: sympathetic to the cause but convinced that the celebration and the rhetoric are worse than misguided.

Earth Day is one of the many secular holidays in the revolutionary calendar that has replaced the Christian year. Not so long ago Easter and Christmas, Halloween and All Saints' Day joined with such patriotic celebrations as the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln (and, in some states, of Lee and Davis), Independence Day and Memorial Day. Today old-fashioned Americans may still celebrate those ancient holidays if they wish, but most of the national energy is devoted to political awareness: Martin Luther King's birthday, Women's History Month, holocaust remembrances, Labor Day; and the New Puritan holidays—the National Smoke-Out and the like; and the meaningless days decreed by Congress to boost the sales of greeting cards: Mother's Day, Father's Day, Grandparents' Day.

There is nothing holy about Earth Day and these other secular holidays; they are without roots or significance. What is more, most of them are global and abstract, celebrating mothers and working men and minority victims all over the globe, and while we are demonstrating against acid rain in Canada and the hole in the ozone layer over Antarctica, we are doing nothing to improve the quality of our own life or that of our neighbors.

The one notable exception to the pattern of global commitment/local irresponsibility were the many tree-planting projects undertaken all over the United States, but tree-planting was the one Earth Day activity to be generally criticized as a "cop-out." Johnny Appleseed has gone the way of all our other national heroes. A few thousand fruit trees, more or less, what difference can they make to a world that is poisoning itself to death? Besides, by planting alien species of apple trees, Johnny was probably disturbing the fragile ecosystem of the American continent. And it is not enough to be concerned with North America. The new interdependence of human societies requires a global response.

I do not know offhand where and when environmental globalism started, but 1970 was a banner year. It was not only the year in which the first Earth Day was celebrated, but in 1970 the first important argument in favor of global regulation was made by George Kennan in the April issue of

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Foreign Affairs. In "To Prevent a World Wasteland," Kennan called for "the establishment of a single entity" to oversee and coordinate research on environmental questions. Since it was only certain countries that had the means and the will to do something about the problem, an international organization on the UN model was not feasible. Instead, Kennan imagined a consortium of advanced nations taking the lead.

Kennan's was the first and virtually the last sensible statement on the global politics of environmentalism. By the end of the 70's, Jimmy Carter's human-rights internationalism had become the preferred style of political discussion (a style heartily adopted by the Reagan administration). *The Global 2000 Report to the President* prepared at Carter's direction set the government's seal of approval upon the globalist hysteria:

> Vigorous, determined new initiatives are needed if worsening poverty and human suffering, environmental degradation, and international tension and conflicts are to be prevented. . . . The needed changes go far beyond the capability and responsibility of this or any other single nation. An era of unprecedented cooperation and commitment is essential. . . . Further cooperation among nations is also needed to strengthen international mechanisms for protecting and utilizing the "global commons"—the oceans and atmosphere.

This call for "international mechanisms" is not wishful thinking. Short of world government, there are already in place an assortment of treaties, protocols, and United Nations agencies that constitute a *de facto* international regime. Nations have always signed treaties and made common cause with other sovereign states, but in recent years these international agreements have seemed to require a complicated bureaucracy with its own objectives.

What this means in practical terms has been candidly described by Barbara Ward and Rene Dubos in their "Unofficial Report Commissioned by the Secretary-General of the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment." This 1972 report, really more a manifesto than a report, is aptly entitled *One Earth*, and it spells out the process—as informal as the report—by which international mechanisms inevitably supplant sovereignty:

> All intergovernmental institutions are still, ultimately, creatures of national governments, but a large amount of their day-to-day work is sufficiently and obviously useful that a measure of authority and initiative comes to rest with them. They acquire support within national government from the relevant ministries and agencies which, in turn, find useful constituencies within the ranks of international organizations. This is, none of it, a formal departure from sovereignty. But a strict literal definition of sovereignty gets blurred in practice and the existence of continuous forums for debate and bargaining helps instill the habit of cooperation into the affairs of reluctant governments.

This description could be applied, with equal accuracy, to the internationalization of relief, financial assistance, and so-called human rights. From one perspective, the process of internationalization sounds like a conscious conspiracy to subvert the authority of nation states and to replace them with world government. But for the internationalist illuminati, it is only a rationalization of politics that is designed to save us from ourselves. Nations, private property, individual liberties—all of these things might once have been good in and of themselves, but they now stand in the way of the planet's security. Since the security of nations depends on the health and security of the world, we must take the bold step of "Redefining Security," the title of a recent Jessica Tuchman Mathews article in *Foreign Affairs*.

Mathews, formerly director of the Office of Global Issues at the National Security Council, argues that we have already included international economics in our definition of national security. Now it is time, she says, to expand that definition still further by adding global environmental concerns. This will, of course, require "new institutions and regulatory regimes to cope with the world's growing environmental interdependence." What does this mean, in practice? "Put bluntly," she says—and it is amazing how ingenuous these people can be—"our accepted definition of the limits of national sovereignty as coinciding with national borders is obsolete."

How is it possible to think on the global level? Most of us lead lives that are so tightly circumscribed by the petty round of children's lunch boxes, weekly Rotary meetings, and the annual trip to the beach or the mountains, that we can rarely bring ourselves to consider the fate of the county, much less of the country. Man is a tribal creature, not a global angel that takes in whole continents at a single glance. Environmental globalism would require a whole new political ethic to guide us in our local and national deliberations. Previous ethical systems, including those that claimed to be universal, acknowledged the importance of private, familial, local, and national loyalties, but a global ethic would be more concerned with the interrelationship between an Illinois landfill site and the greenhouse effect.

One model, commonly referred to, is that of Spaceship Earth. Since we are all on this ship together, we have to begin thinking not just of ourselves but of the welfare of the ship, crew, and passengers without whom survival is impossible. But Spaceship Earth is an image, not an ethic. A liberal philosopher once asked me, as we were walking back from a banquet, if I did not believe we were all together on Spaceship Earth. I stepped onto the hotel elevator and explained, "Yes, but my spaceship has compartments and classes made up of families, nations, and interest groups, while on your ship they all fly steerage." The elevator door closed, cutting short his reply.

The most recent attempt to lay the groundwork for such an ethic is Robert Goodin's "International Ethics and the Environmental Crisis" in the 1990 issue of *Ethics & International Affairs*. Goodin thinks it is necessary to go beyond Ward and Dubos' prediction of eroding sovereignty and even beyond Mathews' insistence that environmental globalism is in the national interest. He rejects both the old international law conception of shared rights and the newer notion of shared duties, which require us to take care of our

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own affairs and encourage us to put pressure—short of intervention—on other regimes that fail to live up to our standards. Goodin's preference is for a model of what he calls shared responsibilities. It is not enough to reach minimum standards of decency or air quality ourselves, if outlaw nations are dragging the general average down. If we share responsibility for the whole earth, we must assume the responsibility to make up for the deficiencies of other states.

As a model of shared responsibilities, Goodin proposes the family, where "it is thought to be perfectly proper to use the force of law to extract child support payments from financially solvent parents who have chosen to leave their children." The most obvious conclusion is that responsible countries like the United States should invade the Soviet Union and compel the Soviets to clean up their country, but Goodin shrinks from violent confrontation and argues that "each nation would be responsible for making good any shortcomings," whenever other nations fail to do their part toward meeting agreed-upon objectives.

But why is it illicit to model international relations on the family? Robert Nisbet in *The Quest for Community* (just reissued by the Institute for Contemporary Studies) revealed that the roots of totalitarianism lie in the urge to reimpose community. The communitarian institution *par excellence* is the family, and to speak of the national family invites the charge of fascism. It would make as much sense to impose the model of international law upon the family, which is exactly what the United Nations has in mind with its declaration of children's rights.

Goodin's internationalism is only the culmination of several decades of environmentalist thought. First they made war on local and state governments by insisting that the federal government should have control over vast stretches of land. Then came the assault on private property and free enterprise in which businesses were saddled with regulations that did little to clean up pollution but did succeed in centralizing and consolidating the economy: big businesses can afford the team of lawyers and scientists and propagandists spawned by regulatory agencies; small businesses cannot. Up until now, environmentalism has meant the consolidation of economic and political power in the hands of national government acting in concert with national business. The next step, inevitably, is for control to be concentrated in the hands of international agencies that will seek the collaboration of multinational corporations. Together, they will monitor the fuel supply of Spaceship Earth; together, they will manage the global commons.

What unconscious irony lies in that phrase so beloved by environmentalists, "the global commons." What little progress that has taken place in our political and economic understanding of conservation is centered in the realization that it is precisely such common lands that have been most misused throughout history. In work done by Garrett Hardin, John Baden, Richard Stroup, and others, it has been shown in case after case that privately owned land is far more likely to be taken care of than land that nobody owns. A similar insight lies behind George Fitzhugh's observation that in Europe a nobleman's horses were taken care of better than his peasants, who were worse off, he argued, than slaves in the American South. To love your neighbor as yourself, he concluded, you first must have a property in your neighbor.

Instead of internationalizing environmental concerns, we must find ways of privatizing and localizing conservation efforts, to give people a sense of owning and being owned by the land on which they live. Given the choice, most Americans do not choose to live under conditions of poisonous filth. But take away their power to make decisions over their lives and property, and they will be content to let government agencies clean up the streams that flow through their neighborhoods; centralize economic decision-making, and they will lapse into the luxury of reckless consumerism; provide every incentive to irresponsibility, and they will fall into the toils of what Mr. Reagan so aptly called the Safety Net.

But how would such an approach even begin to solve the problems of acid rain or oceanic pollution, problems that do in fact transcend national boundaries? This is one place where we have had too little, rather than too much, national assertion by the federal government. It is not as if states have never made non-aggression pacts or agreements on trade. The cumbersome machinery of bilateral agreements and international law could easily be made to serve in environmental disputes. But, some will say, there are governments that simply do not care. What would we do, if it were discovered that Cuba was systematically poisoning the Caribbean and injecting chemical toxins into the air of the United States, or maliciously killing off our fisheries? Suppose we had already exhausted all the routine remedies of international bargaining. I do not know what George Bush would do, but I would declare war.

What I have tried to sketch—and very crudely—is a political ethic of environmentalism that takes the crisis seriously (as most conservatives do not) but does not provide justification for the centralization and consolidation of power that will inevitably make matters much worse in all respects. So far the sketch has confined itself to utilitarian assumptions of life, health, and social stability. These struggles will not be decided, however, on the battleground of costs and benefits. Economists can waste whole forests of trees on graphs, but they will not convince Jeremy Rifkin or the Sierra Club; nearly a hundred years ago W.H. Mallock had already demonstrated that Marxism would be nothing but a very efficient system of centralizing power within a party structure, but the Bolshevik *coup d'etat* took place right on schedule. *Credo quia absurdum*, and once a man has claimed the moral high ground there is no arguing with him.

Today, it is the Greens who have seized the high ground, and unless we can find our own ethical Thermopylae, they will proceed to mismanage the global commons until their world empire falls apart, and the survivors play out a script compounded of *Bladerunner*, *Mad Max*, and *A Canticle for Leibowitz*. Nature, believe me, always has her way in the end, and if we will not listen to her gentle reminders—famine, AIDS, and cancer—she has harsher lessons in store. Nothing has emerged in modern times to overturn any of the ancient platitudes that pass for the iron laws of history: as you sow, so shall you reap; a fool and his money are soon parted; you have made your bed, now you must lie in it; God is not mocked.

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Like so many conflicts in the modern world, the struggle among environmentalists is ultimately religious, not political. The Greens would like to see themselves as pagans, who have reverence for Mother Earth, but they are not. That chapter of our experience was closed even before the Emperor Julian attempted to revive Greek paganism as a systematic alternative to Christianity. When rationalist modern man seeks refuge in nature-worship, it is to magic and diabolism that he inevitably returns. He will drink drugged herbal teas, gaze into crystals, and count the stars in the desert sky looking for the number that will define the infinite. He will take many wives, only to sacrifice the children on the altars of Baal or zero population growth. He will reverence not the bright and beautiful creatures of Olympus but the goddesses of earth and night and their squalid spawn of furies, harpies, and feminists. He will reject the Christian calendar, but not in favor of the ancient rituals that mirrored the endless tide of the seasons; no, the new calendar will have no roots in anything resembling love of nation or love of god or love of man; it will be hatred that is celebrated: hatred of Europe and America, hatred of Christianity and a civilization created by Christians, hatred of all mankind, with the accent on man.

A compact sealed in hate is nothing better than a conspiracy. The older moralities of Aristotle and Jesus are rooted in love. We are just, not when we are compelled by law not to do certain things to strangers, for what we do out of fear or compulsion is not even in the moral domain. Our justice lies, rather, in what we do out of love for our family, friends, and neighbors; for the things of creation and for the Creator himself. Demonstrations against Exxon and denunciations of the evil "other people" serve only to poison our hearts as we are poisoning our air and water. The Reverend Sidney Smith's advice to himself, "Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God," can hardly be improved upon. It is precisely the reverse of the antihuman environmentalism that speaks the language of secular trends, global catastrophe, and embittered atheism.

None of us, individually, can save the world, but a great many individuals banded together in a millennialist mob just might succeed in destroying it. Power corrupts more than character, and as the sap of human energy is sucked up higher and higher into the branches away from the roots, it has curdled and begun to cut off the circulation. What we can do as individuals is to take back responsibility over our own lives. If we are absolutely devoted to the cause of the environment, then we should probably move into the country and try our hands at horse farming. If we want to be part of a movement, then we had best join an anti-modern religious community: the Amish, who are thriving and growing, now number over 120,000 in the United States.

Are there no political options for those of us who lack the stamina of Wendell Berry? Of course there are, but they are the same options open to us on every political question: locally, we can work to see that human-oriented environmental policies are adopted in our own towns and counties; beyond that, we can always support whatever initiatives would allow the states to take back the powers usurped by the central government. As for the fate of the world, the best you can do is to work against any candidate or party that employs the language of human rights and environmental globalism.

It would be a great mistake to invest much faith or energy into political solutions. You will either become corrupt or, what is worse, embittered. Faced with the loss of personal autonomy and the cancerous growth of government, we are all tempted to go into rebellion, to declare our city a nuclear-free zone, to go off chasing whalers and commercial fisherman — mistaking ordinary working men for ogres and windmills for angels. It is a temptation which, like the temptation to run for Congress, ought to be resisted by anyone who worries about the state of his soul. ◈

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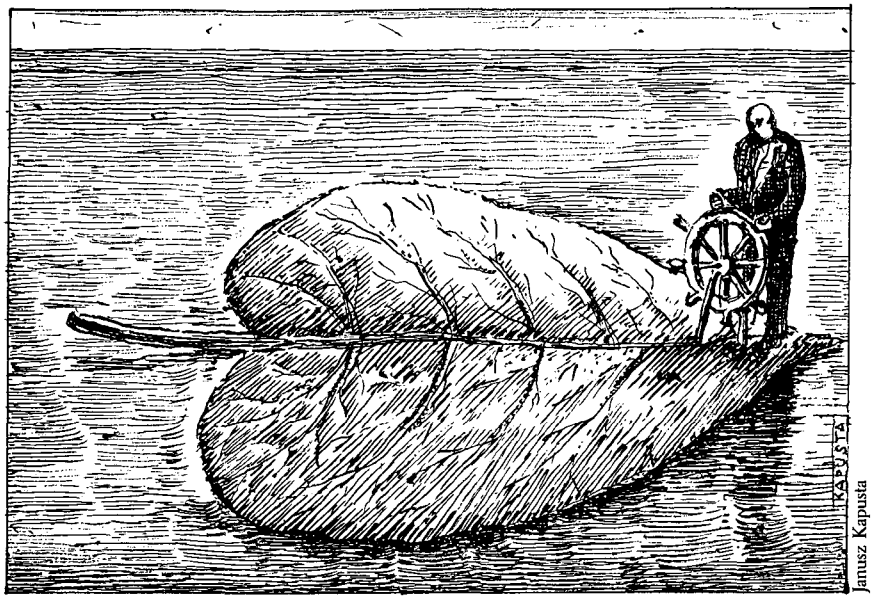

The New Environmentalism

by Edward O. Wilson

More change has occurred in the environmental movement during the past ten years than in its entire previous history. Its thrust has become less ideological and more pragmatic, less New Age and more scientific. It is increasingly grounded in the databases of atmospheric science and the genetic models of conservation biology. The practice of conservation in particular is now linked to economic development rather than opposed to it, focused on biological diversity rather than just scenic beauty, broadened to save entire ecosystems rather than individual star species such as pandas and bald eagles, and tilted southward to put increasing emphasis on those tropical countries where the most severe environmental problems exist. The next hundred years may well evolve into the century of the environment—during which most societies shift from guns and butter to butter and trees. All this comes not a moment too soon, if we are to save a failing planet.

A decade ago the public image of environmentalism was burdened with what might be called the Greenpeace metaphor. Environmental issues were caricatured as theaters of ideological conflict, where champions of Nature battled champions of Progress. Liberals, in this view, blocked dams in order to save oddly named small fishes, while conservatives heedlessly sacrificed the environment for short-term profit. The dichotomy was far from exact, but like most oversimplifications it held a lot of truth and reflected accurately some of the larger tensions of American life.

Today, to my distress, some conservative writers continue to treat environmentalism with skepticism or outright hostility. They depict it as one more workshop of the left, a means of enlarging government control and the power of the bureaucratic New Class, and a cudgel with which to beat free market economies and press for a restructuring of society—in short, a clever scheme to add the environment and its votaries to the Welfare State.

This is a mistake. The environmental crisis is real. If the heart of the conservation agenda is the preservation of the best in the world in the midst of change, it cannot be limited to institutions, the rule of law, and personal morality, but must also embrace the environment. *Conservare* is the common stem of conservation and conservatism, and perhaps that ancient link should serve as a signature of the basic principle that humanity does not exist apart from nature and will suffer to the extent that we abuse it.

Growth in scientific knowledge has altered the character of the environmental movement and its relation to political and economic life. A global view now prevails. We no longer see changes as isolated episodes—the pollution of a river here or the extinction of a bird species there. Now we

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see all of these events as having coalesced into worldwide secular trends. The release of chlorofluorocarbons in the northern hemisphere has opened a hole seven thousand miles away in the stratospheric ozone over Antarctica, admitting higher levels of ultraviolet radiation. This local collapse foreshadows the fate of the global atmosphere, threatening higher levels of skin cancer and disruption of ecosystems worldwide. The consumption of huge quantities of beef and timber in the United States accelerates the deforestation of Latin America, dries its great river basins, ruins its soil, and on a larger scale, raises carbon dioxide levels in the global atmosphere.

The secular trends can be conveniently classified as the four horsemen of the environmental apocalypse: global warming by the greenhouse effect, undeniably coming but at a rate still disputed among atmospheric scientists; ozone depletion, severe and not in dispute; toxic waste accumulation, severe and not in dispute; and mass extinction by habitat destruction, also severe and not in dispute.

Why should these man-induced changes be thought apocalyptic? After all, environmental change is perpetual, and organisms have always adjusted to it in past geological times. Over millions of years species adapted to alternating climatic warming and cooling, the expansion or shrinkage of continental shelves, the invasion of new competitors and parasites. Those that could not change became extinct, but at such a relatively slow rate that other, better adapted species evolved to replace them. In the midst of endless turnover, the balance of life was sustained. But now the velocity of change is too great for life to handle, and the equilibrium is shattered. The change is the greatest experienced since the end of the Age of Dinosaurs 65 million years ago. It has reached precipitous levels within a single human life span, a mere tick in geological time. Humanity is creating a radical new environment too quickly to allow the adjustment of species, which need thousands to millions of years to accomplish complex genetic adaptations. Most of life is consequently at risk. *Our* life is at risk.

Like many other environmental scientists today, I think the tragedy can be averted, and in a manner that moves us toward a safer and more pleasant existence. It is the essence of the new environmentalism that further economic development need not harm the environment, at least not to anywhere near the degree now prevailing. The exact opposite is the case: intelligent economic development can save the natural environment, and the natural environment can be used to accelerate economic development. The key lies in the preservation and use of wild species and genetic strains, in other words biological diversity. Before exploring how this step can be accomplished, let me explain why biological diversity is the most fragile and in one sense the most valuable part of the environment. The extinction of species is the index of all the other secular changes. And where these processes—global warming, ozone depletion, and toxic pollution—can be reversed, extinction cannot. No species can be called back by a summit conference or Montreal Protocol. Each one is unique, precious, and irreplaceable. It is the terminus of an immense number of mutations, gene recombinations, and episodes of natural selection by which certain sets of genes increased as others declined. Each is prescribed by a genetic code that adapts it exquisitely to a particular part of the environment. Many of the genes vary within the species, so that every individual created by sexual reproduction has its own unique DNA code. A typical eukaryotic organism, such as a flowering plant or a bird (or human being), is prescribed according to species by one billion to ten billion nucleotide pairs, or genetic "letters," in its DNA. If we could take the DNA double helices from a single cell of house mouse (*Mus musculus* is a well studied species), stretch them to full length and enlarge them until they were as wide as a piece of wrapping string, they would stretch about nine hundred kilometers, with each inch containing twenty-odd nucleotide pairs or genetic "letters." The amount of information in the genes of a mouse is about equivalent to that in all 16 editions of the Encyclopaedia Britannica published since 1768.

Without interference from man, species live an average of one to ten million years. How many of these ancient entities are being driven to extinction by human action? We don't know the absolute number, because the total size of the fauna and flora is not known. With the help of other biologists, I recently estimated that about 1.4 million species have been described to date, that is, given formal names such as *Canis familiaris* and *Homo sapiens*. But most specialists on biodiversity today would agree that the actual number is at least ten million, and it could be as high as one hundred million. In other words, the vast majority of kinds of organisms have not even been discovered, much less studied to any extent. The size of the biodiversity is not known even to the nearest order of magnitude! A majority of the species live in tropical forests, which are being reduced by cutting and burning at the rate of 1 percent a year. This destruction alone, if continued unabated, is projected to extinguish over one quarter of all the species of organisms on earth during the next fifty years. This translates to an extinction rate at least ten thousand times that before the coming of man. These estimates help to explain why so many biologists have grown anxious and vocal about the fate of tropical rain forests.

Evolutionary biologists are like art curators watching the Louvre burn down. You may ask why anyone but a few scientists should care about frogs and orchids in faraway tropical countries. Let me peel away the reasons, starting with enlightened self-interest and ending with ethics.

Destroying the habitats where life is richest pollutes the global environment as a whole. Between 2 and 5 percent of the land surface of the world is burned yearly, accounting for 95 percent of all the fires, with the rest coming mostly from lightning. Gases released by the burning, including carbon monoxide and ozone, currently approach the levels generated by the use of fossil fuels. As tropical forests are cleared, they uncover some of the poorest soils in the world, where less than one part in a thousand of nutrients penetrate five centimeters beneath the surface. The situation is radically different from that in the temperate forests, where a large portion of the organic material is invested in the deep leaf litter and humus layers. In tropical forests the material is locked up in the living vegetation and quickly reabsorbed by highly efficient root systems as it decays on the ground surface. When the trees are cut over a wide area, the

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nutrients bind with aluminum and iron or wash away in the torrential rains. The land becomes a "wet desert," unable to sustain agriculture or husbandry at a profitable level for more than several years.

What are the rural poor to do if they cannot clear the land? The answer lies partly in zoning on a broad scale, while improving agriculture on the arable lands already under cultivation. It also lies in developing new markets for products from wild species. The plants and animals of the forests and other natural habitats are among the most important resources available to mankind, and so far they are the least utilized. In the course of history, for example, people have relied heavily on about twenty crop species, including wheat, rye, millet, and rice. These are mostly the plants that Neolithic man encountered haphazardly at the dawn of agriculture in Mesoamerica, the Fertile crescent, and tropical Asia. Yet there are at least fifty thousand plant species in the world with edible parts, and some of them are demonstrably superior to prevailing crop species. The winged bean (*Psophocarpus tetragonolobus*) of New Guinea, for example, is a veritable supermarket. The entire plant, including roots, seeds, leaves, stems, and flowers, is palatable, and a coffee-like beverage can be made from its juice. It grows very rapidly, reaching a height of three meters in a few weeks, and has a nutritional value equal to that of soybeans.

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Intelligent economic development can save the natural environment, and the natural environment can be used to accelerate economic development. The key lies in the preservation and use of wild species and genetic strains, in other words biological diversity.

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The animal equivalent of the winged bean is the giant river turtle *Podocnemis expansa* of the Amazon River. It can be reared at low cost on rough vegetation in natural and artificial ponds on the river banks. It yields tasty, low-fat meat at 440 times the rate of cattle grown in equivalent areas.

Wild species are a potential cornucopia of new fibers, petroleum substitutes, and pharmaceuticals. The Amazonian babassú palm, *Orbignya phalerata*, is one of the most productive sources of vegetable oil in the world, a stand of five hundred trees producing about one hundred and twenty-five barrels a year. One in ten plant species contains anticancer substances of at least some degree of potency. A striking success story is the rosy periwinkle, *Catharanthus roseus*, a native of Madagascar. This inconspicuous little plant yields two alkaloids, vinblastine and vincristine, that effectively cure two of the deadliest forms of cancer, Hodgkin's disease and acute lymphocytic leukemia. The U.S. National Cancer Institute is currently screening some ten thousand substances a year from wild plants for activity against other forms of cancer and the AIDS virus.

Not only can species be drawn from natural habitats and cultivated for their products, but the habitats can be converted into extractive reserves from which the products are harvested at minimal expense. A study recently conducted in the Amazonian rain forest near Iquitos, Peru, demonstrated that a greater profit can be made from treating the forest as an extractive reserve, in other words as a source of oil, latex, fruits, and other products, than by cutting it for timber and using the cleared land for ranching or conventional agriculture. And such is the case even though most potentially profitable species in the forest have not yet been identified or studied with a market in mind. Many of the plants and animals do not even bear a scientific name. It is clear that with proper research and capital investment, the fauna and flora of the world can enhance the quality of human life to a hitherto undreamed-of degree.

In conclusion, environmentalism means a great deal more than cleaning air and water, the obvious goals that still dominate public debate. It extends to the fuller use of organisms for the improvement of human existence. The new environmentalism also requires us to address the population problem frontally, without deference to any ideology or religion. The planet cannot sustain the continued growth of a species that already co-opts 40 percent of the sun's energy available to life. The time has come to begin the discussion of optimal population size, the number of people at equilibrium or near equilibrium that is best for each country in turn. National birth control policies will eventually have to be designed to attain these safer levels, however distasteful this constraint on reproductive freedom may seem. I suspect that the optimum sizes for most countries will prove to be far below those already reached. Yet—how can anyone be certain either way in our present state of ignorance and timidity? Population policy, no less than economic policy, must come to occupy center stage in the years ahead.

Population and environmental policies more rational than those now in existence are crucial to the saving of this planet, which is our home forever. Both pivot on ethics, which turn on our self-image as a species. In an earlier article for *Chronicles* (April 1990), I suggested the need for "deep history," which traces not just cultural history of the past ten thousand years, but the far older genetic history that created the brain and sensory apparatus from which culture is built. Humanity is a product of biocultural evolution, a process extending over hundreds of thousands of years. Culture is deeply affected by the results of genetic evolution, while genetically prescribed neurosensory evolution occurs within the arena of culturally transmitted social behavior. Biocultural evolution—deep history—was played out mostly in a natural environment, where technologically primitive people lived amidst a rich fauna and flora, exploring them, using them, and drawing from them the metaphors of art and the totems that mystically reaffirm our kinship to other forms of life. Our roots in the natural environment may be deeper than even dedicated environmentalists have argued. If we cut those roots free in response to a misguided Promethean ethic, it will be at the peril of the human spirit. ◈

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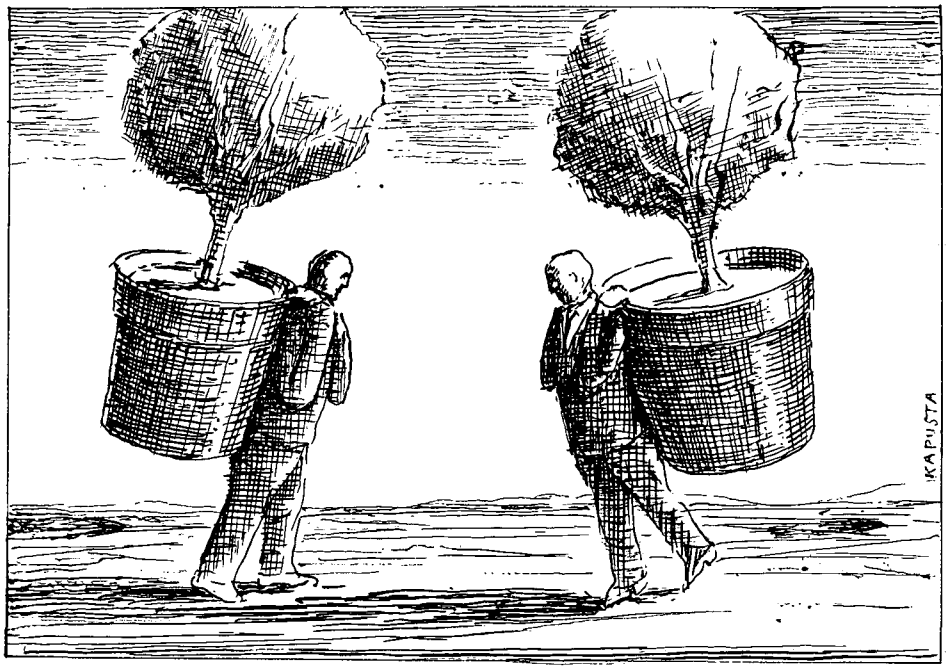
The Reentry of Nature

Ecological Restoration

by William R. Jordan III



Janusz Kapusta

Not long ago I participated in a delightful and in some ways unusual nature outing at a place called Poplar Creek, one of the forest preserves that make up an extensive system of green spaces in Chicago and its suburbs.

For three or four hours some fifty of us cut and piled brush, planted seeds, and used bowsaws and hammers to girdle hundreds of adolescent Siberian elms that were invading the site, threatening to make it unfit for prairie plants. By the time we left we had accomplished something the environmentalism of the past generation would have found virtually unimaginable. We had visited a natural landscape. We had intimately affected its ecology — had in a literal sense become members of the community. And we had left the place not worse off but better — that is, more the way it was before European settlement, more "natural" — than we had found it.

Our little outing at Poplar Creek (actually the opening session of the second annual conference of the Society for Ecological Restoration) was an instance of a new kind of activity, commonly called ecological or environmental restoration, that has become increasingly conspicuous in environmental circles during the past few years, and that has been the subject of considerable discussion, and even debate, among environmentalists.

Environmentalism has by and large been skeptical of the notion of ecological restoration as anything more than an emergency or palliative measure. Environmentalists have been concerned that restoration — or the promise of restoration — might be used to undermine arguments for the preservation of existing natural areas. They have questioned the quality of the results, or the feasibility of carrying out high-quality restoration work on an environmentally significant scale. Behind and beneath all this is the fact that environmentalism has generally tended to see nature as essentially separate from human beings, a conception that precludes the possibility of restoration in the strictest sense. From this point of view the idea of an "artificial natural ecosystem" is nonsense.

I share at least some of these concerns. It is clear, for example, that the promise of restoration *can* be used to circumvent arguments for preservation. And it is often true that restored ecosystems do not closely resemble their natural counterparts, or that it may take a very long time for them to do so. Nonetheless, I am convinced that restoration has a critical role to play in the conservation of natural areas — not merely because it offers a technology for bringing natural ecosystems back, but because it provides something even more important: the key to the essential problem of establishing a healthy relationship between ourselves and the rest of nature.

I believe that restoration offers a paradigm for a new kind of environmentalism, one concerned with relationships —

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including our relationship with nature in its wildest and most primitive forms—rather than one that sees nature as a collection of objects somewhere "out there." I believe the shift to the new paradigm will come naturally, not precluding the old environmentalism, but encompassing it. And I believe this shift—or rather growth—is taking place now through the work of restorationists at places like Poplar Creek.

It goes without saying that relationships are subtle and often complex affairs. This is true of ecological relationships generally, and it is certainly true of the relationship between "nature" and a species such as man, who has in certain respects transcended nature—or at least has brought something new into it in the form of a highly elaborated form of cultural evolution. This form of evolution has substituted a rapid, electronic form of evolution (thinking) for a much slower, chemical-based form of evolution through mutation and natural selection. This has led to a widening gap between human beings and the rest of nature—not just since the scientific revolution or even the invention of agriculture, but from the earliest times of which we have any record; a state of affairs that explains our preoccupation with ways of closing or at least bridging the gap between nature and culture.

It is in this context that we must consider environmentalism and evaluate its success. We tend to think of environmentalism as a modern political and social "movement." But the broad complex of ideas represented by the word "environmentalism" is best regarded as a modern attempt to deal with the ancient and fundamental issue of the relationship between human beings and nature—an ecological way of posing the question, "What is man?"

Environmentalists have not been unmindful of this. One finds throughout the writings of Thoreau and Aldo Leopold, and more recently E.O. Wilson or Loren Eiseley, an insistence on the importance of developing a healthy, sustainable relationship with nature. Eiseley posed the issue especially well when, in *The Invisible Pyramid*, he wrote of man's need to reenter "the sunflower forest" of original nature without leaving behind "what he has learned on the pathway to the moon."

In the most concrete terms, what Eiseley is calling for is a way not merely of preserving but of actually reinhabiting the wild. How to do so is tricky. Thoreau's answer was to join a marshland community quite literally, by wading into the marsh and spending a day like a muskrat, up to his eyes in the water. But is this a solution? Quite apart from the impracticality, it is not natural. By spending his days immersed, Thoreau is leaving behind much of his own biological and cultural heritage. Besides, not even muskrats sit all day meditating in the water; instead they go about their business in the marsh, and in the process do much to build and shape the marsh ecosystem.

It is the fact that this is exactly what people involved in efforts to restore natural ecosystems do that gives us the first clue to the value of restoration as a means of establishing a healthy relationship with nature—a way to reenter the sunflower forest. The restorationist, in working over his piece of land, in attempting to rebuild or shape it, manages to establish a relationship with it that is both comprehensive and constructive. As Leopold would put it, his work is "mutually beneficial."

To see this, it is necessary to look beyond the product of the restoration effort and to consider the process or *act* of restoration itself and the relationship with nature it implies. Whatever its results, whatever the precise nature or quality of its product, restoration represents a deliberate, intimate participation in the ecology of the community or ecosystem under restoration. It raises a whole series of questions about the system for which the restorationist has to find answers. These include questions about composition and structure; about abiotic influences such as sunlight, water (rainfall, humidity, drainage), soils, climate; the functioning of the system (nutrient cycling, productivity, random or accidental events such as storms, floods, or fires) and the way it may change over time.

Restoration also raises an essentially endless list of questions about the behavior of the component species, relationships between them, and their relationships with the various abiotic factors. The experience of restorationists at the University of Wisconsin-Madison Arboretum, where I work and which has been the site of pioneering research on ecological restoration for more than half a century, provides many examples. It was early attempts here to restore tallgrass prairie without the use of fire that led to some of the earliest insights into the importance of fire in the ecology of these communities. Efforts to introduce spring-blooming herbs into a maple forest led to the discovery that ants probably play a critical role in the dispersal of many of these species. In the absence of the appropriate species of ants, the plants failed to spread by seed, and formed odd mat-like clones, quite uncharacteristic of natural, ant-endowed forests, where spring ephemerals such as bloodroot and wild ginger are sprinkled about the understory in twos and threes.

In this way, by trying to assemble or reassemble the ecosystem, the restorationist in effect joins the natural community—becomes an Indian setting fire to the prairie, becomes an ant gathering seed and hauling it off into storage—and in this way becomes privy to secrets that might not be revealed even to the most attentive observer.

Thus we find that restoration offers the scientist a way of reentering nature without abandoning any of the knowledge gained on the pathway to the moon; in fact, he will increase that knowledge.

What we see here is restoration as a way of establishing a fruitful intellectual relationship with a particular landscape in what might be called the ecological dimension—the dimension of space, or the landscape itself over relatively short periods of time (a few seasons, perhaps, or a few lifetimes). This is one great value of restoration—simply that it gives us *business* to transact in the natural world, liberating us from the passive role of observers.

My friend Keith Wendt (formerly the Arboretum's ranger) and I used to discuss exactly what category of activities restoration fit into. We decided on several. For starters, restoration is obviously a healing art—medicine, if you will, but medicine liberated from its preoccupation with a single species and devoted to the good of the whole; medicine in its most comprehensive and satisfactory form, holistic medicine. Restoration is also a fine art, implying an intensely aesthetic response to nature that the restorationist

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expresses and explores through the attempt to imitate nature. Thirdly, from a purely technical point of view, restoration is essentially a form of agriculture. It draws from all the branches of agriculture to accomplish the task of gardening in the wild.

Restorationists frequently resist this last identification, feeling that what they do is quite different from traditional forms of gardening and farming—and of course they are right. Whereas agriculture manipulates nature analytically, arbitrarily, and for gain, restoration manipulates it constructively, for its own sake, and on its own terms. But it is still, technically, agriculture—or you could say agriculture in reverse: it seeks to reconstruct the complexity of what traditional forms of agriculture have taken apart and simplified.

We know we can take an ecosystem such as a prairie apart for our own benefit. Farming is in fact the beginning of a real relationship with the prairie. But it is only the beginning. To be complete, the relationship must be reciprocal, and that means that we must become as adept at putting the prairie back together as we are at taking it apart. Once we can do this—the restorationist's work—something marvelous happens. Agriculture ceases to be mere exploitation and becomes the beginning of a dialogue with the land.

But there is still another way of looking at restoration. One bright fall day I was watching a group of volunteers collecting seed out on Curtis Prairie, the restored tallgrass prairie just outside my office window. There were perhaps six or eight people out there, moving intently from plant to plant, gathering seed while they chatted or called to one another over the high grass. Watching them I suddenly realized that they weren't farmers at all, but gatherers, reenacting the behavior of bands of Indians who had inhabited this area for centuries prior to European settlement a century and a half ago. That afternoon I realized that restoration is more than participation in the ecology of the landscape. It can also be seen as reenactment—a way of exploring history.

Exploring history can be done on at least two different time scales—or what Paul Shepard has called octaves of time. The first of these is the high-frequency octave of conventional history, the span of human experience and record. The restorationist explores and in a sense experiences this more immediate history simply by attempting to reverse its effects on a given area. If, as happened here in Wisconsin, European settlement led to the suppression of wildfire, with various consequences for the vegetation, the restorationist reintroduces fire. This not only helps the landscape recover its historic condition, but becomes a deliberate act that dramatizes this feature of our relationship with the landscape.

At the same time, an octave lower, restoration provides a means of exploring the deeper levels of human relationships with nature through reenactment of the experience of the hunter-gatherer, the gardener or farmer, and finally the scientist. In this way, the restorationist explores and reexperiences all the phases of cultural evolution and their characteristic ways of interacting with the land.

Restoration turns out to be exactly what environmentalists have been looking for. It is a way of exploring, defining, and ultimately celebrating our relationship with the natural or historic landscape, and of constantly redefining it as the relationship changes.

Let me conclude by summarizing where I think all this leaves us. Restoration—the deliberate attempt to reassemble ecological communities, or to heal natural landscapes affected by human activities—is a novel and in some ways peculiar activity. Environmentalism has generally been wary of it, but its criticism has concentrated on the product (the restored area) rather than on restoration as a process, much less a ritual or symbolic and expressive act. For this reason, environmentalism, even while proclaim ng its attempt to define the terms of a healthy relationship between human beings and the wild, has failed to recognize the act of restoration as the key to that relationship.

To some extent this reflects the tendency of modern environmentalism to regard human beings as fundamentally and irredeemably separated from nature and to define nature in negative terms, as everything in the world that is neither human nor influenced by human beings. (For an extreme and unhappy example of this sort of thinking and where it leads, see William McKibben's recent book, *The End of Nature*, which is a virtual antithesis of everything I am trying to say here.)

But there is something else going on as well. The problem of man's relationship with nature can only be solved through ritual. Only through ritual can we reach back to bridge, if not actually to close, the gap between human culture and human experience and the nonhuman experience of nature.

The problem here dates from the beginning of the modern era, when the West not only began to institutionalize science, taking another great step into abstraction and away from close ties with the natural world, but also underwent a religious revolution, one essential feature of which was the systematic devaluing of symbolic and ritual forms of experience. Most of us in the West today live in the world created by those two revolutions in thought—a world that is more widely separated from nature than ever before in a purely technical and intellectual sense, and one that, through its diminished sense of the efficacy of ritual, has deprived itself of the principal means of coping with the psychological and moral consequences of that separation.

Here lies the great value of restoration—where restoration can be the key to conservation and ultimately to our continuing inhabitation of this planet. I say this *not* because I see restoration as a way of putting ecosystems back together once we have destroyed them, and certainly not because I see restoration as a substitute for or even an alternative to environmental preservation. Restoration does not replace preservation, it surrounds it, providing a relationship between the landscape to be preserved and ourselves. Nor is it, except in extreme cases, merely an emergency measure. It is rather a model for what we must do *at all times* to acknowledge and to compensate for our *inevitable* influence on the ecosystems that surround us, that we inhabit and, willy nilly, influence.

In short, I am not talking about restoration merely as a technology, but as a significant, expressive act. I see in the healing act of restoration not a technical solution to environmental problems, but a paradigm for a mutually

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beneficial relationship with nature—an act of respect that balances the act of assertion and opens up the possibility of a reciprocal and truly ecological relationship with nature.

Most fundamentally, I see restoration as a framework for a system of rituals that will provide the basis for the reintegration of nature and culture. If this seems farfetched, consider how easily restoration adapts to a whole range of activities that are entirely conventional in our society and are pursued by millions as pastimes. These include hunting (and gathering, too, of course), gardening, farming, and the study of natural history and environmental history. People do all of these activities, often in a more or less consciously ritualized manner, as a way of enriching their relationships with the land around them. The act of restoration does nothing but combine all of them, integrating them into a single act aimed at replenishing nature rather than exploiting it. What restoration offers is a highly conventional way of stepping into the ritual dimension, while at the same time converting our consumptive activities into constructive ones.

I can give a good example. Deer hunting is a major industry here in Wisconsin, and studies have shown that many of those who participate in the hunt each fall regard it as a ritual affirming family ties and renewing contact with nature. At the present time, the emphasis is on the harvest of deer, and the Department of Natural Resources manages the herd for yield. As a result the deer population is much larger now than when the area was settled, and this may have been a factor in the virtual elimination of the hemlock that once covered vast areas of forest in the northern part of the state.

Assuming that we care about the aboriginal forest, this is a situation that clearly calls for restoration. This does not mean we need to outlaw the hunter. Given that a critical step in restoring the forest would be to reduce the size of the deer herd, hunting can instead be seen as integrally necessary. Planned in this way, with the regeneration of the hemlock forest—rather than the size of the deer harvest—as the objective, the hunt would become part of a great public ritual of restoration.

Of course, reducing the herd to revive the hemlock would eventually mean a dramatically reduced harvest of deer. We would need, then, to further enhance the ritual aspects of the hunt. A hunter might take one or two deer in a lifetime, renewing and reliving that experience in other, less literal ways.

From the point of view of a society intent on the number of deer shot, and largely deprived of a sense of the efficacy of ritual, this suggestion may seem hopelessly unrealistic. Nevertheless, sportsmen already have a tradition of ritualizing the experience of the hunt when this best serves the interests of conservation. Fishermen in some areas are increasingly practicing catch and release. This conserves the fish by taking at least a step toward ritualizing the experience of the catch. Or take hunting with a bow and arrow rather than a rifle, a practice that evokes the technology of another culture and at the same time dramatically lowers the chances of actually killing a deer.

Both examples show how hunting and fishing can be moved in the direction of restoration with little or no loss—and perhaps even an increase—in the value of the experience.

Parents Support Group

by Dick Allen

Our children half-lost, we gather at the table,
Making small polite jokes
About weather and coffee. The blinds are drawn.
Outside, the summer afternoon is tennis strokes,

A grackle calling to its mate, wind-chimes,
Sliding tailgates of delivery vans. Long-timers smile
And pat the new arrivals' backs. Our therapist
Takes a long, long, long, long, *long* while

Before he starts, reluctantly. That hot potato, Pain,
Goes round and round the table. Who of us
Are blameless, who share blame
For why our children left a crust

Of blood across their wrists, gulped pills, or think
Their terribly thin bodies still are fat,
Did drugs, did drink
Behind ripped billboards of their raw self-hate?

We don't know. Weeks . . . or was it days ago,
Self-tucked in the illusion we control
Our lives . . . sane, in our accepting this . . . we thought
That all stones roll

Downhill, all rabbits leap, the months ahead
Are simply spaces on our calendars
Where plans are penciled or not penciled in.
That's normal and not wrong . . . But now we're here

Talking with strangers. To our left
The lady in a green dress weeps; the man
Whose daughter must be begged or bribed to eat
Keeps putting up and putting down his hand,

Then polishing his glasses on his paisley tie.
I don't know what to say. I don't know anything
That can help us all. Words alone
(How many words there were!) have come unstrung

And scatter everywhere. Back in their halls
Our children hunch above their Scrabble board,
Or shoot the breeze
As aimlessly as they shot down our world.

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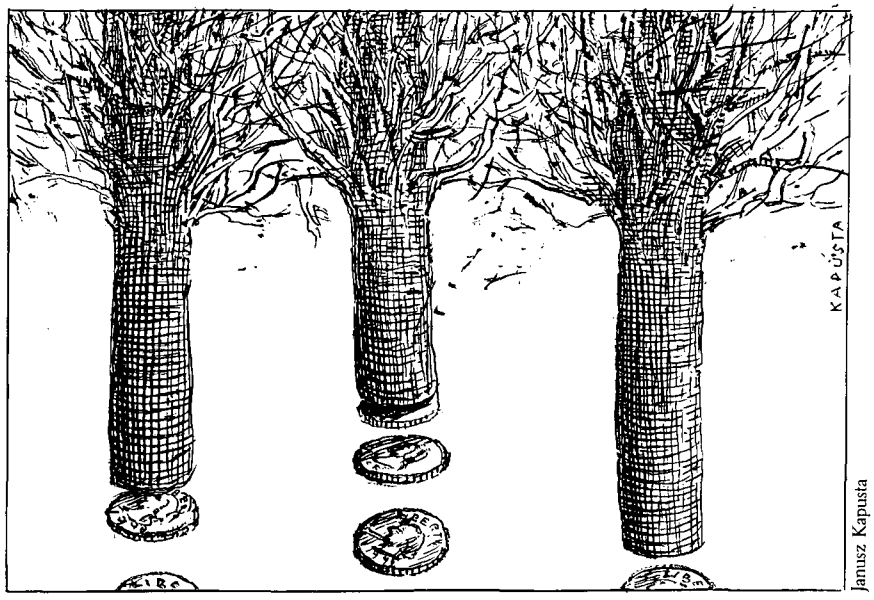
Sylvan Socialism

The U.S. Forest Service

by John A. Baden



Janusz Kapusta

The U.S. Forest Service has custody over 192 million acres of national forest and rangeland—an area nearly equal to Texas and Louisiana combined. Like the National Park Service, the Forest Service is commonly viewed as a stellar example of Progressive Era legislation. However, the Forest Service clearly and recurrently violates the spirit of its stewardship responsibilities. Its self-interest in budget expansion conflicts with both environmental protection and economic efficiency, and significantly injures private forestry. Its increasingly infamous below-cost timber sales are becoming the forestry equivalent of the Valdez oil spill.

Most environmentalists seek to reform rather than replace the system that governs the national forests. They advocate political action and ever more finely calibrated and expensive centralized planning. The "rational calculation under socialism" debate of the 1920's and 30's is alive and well in the Forest Service. The current fight over the spotted owl in the old growth forests of the Pacific Northwest is one especially dramatic example of the conflicts, community disruptions, and projected multibillion-dollar losses that result when management decisions are hostage to political pressures.

In forestry as in other areas, decisions depend on information and incentives. Our existing institutional arrangements for forest management are seriously flawed. In the national forests, this means bad information and perverse incentives.

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For example: America's 156 national forests are managed by 120 forest supervisors. According to the government, 76 of these 120 supervisors reported that their units lost money in 1987. Yet revenues from areas that produce valuable timber, the Pacific Northwest and the Southeast, were great enough to cover the losses reported for the system as a whole. Essentially, those forests that are warm, wet, and low subsidized those in the Rockies that are high, dry, and cold. Clearly, the U.S. Forest Service should invest more in managing the productive forests of Oregon, Washington, and the Southeast, while reducing expenditures in the Rockies. Alternatively, the Service could remove itself from the timber business entirely, by applying appropriate environmental safeguards and then transferring the productive forests to the private sector. That is not what is happening. Instead, because of certain bureaucratic realities, the Forest Service is logging environmentally fragile and economically unprofitable areas.

The political logic of below-cost timber sales is straightforward. National forests are located in 40 states and in many congressional districts, and there is a timber program in nearly every national forest, regardless of how efficient it may be to sell the timber. In these districts, logging and road building provide jobs and income to the local communities. Consequently, many senators and representatives find it in their interest to vote for expanding Forest Service road building, logging, and timber management. The politician benefits, the constituent who has a job benefits, and some timber companies that are able to operate where they otherwise could not also benefit—but not the taxpayer, who ends up subsidizing the reduction in quality of an environ-

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ment he increasingly values.

The Forest Service advocates and oversees the building of roads throughout the national forests. While building roads may seem to be a productive and harmless activity, the environmental consequences are often harsh. As the timber at lower elevations and in easily accessible valleys is harvested, the Forest Service builds its roads farther into the backcountry and on higher and steeper slopes. As a general rule, the steeper the slope, the greater the danger of landslides, slumps, sloughs, and earth flows. The problems are especially acute in the high, steep, and fragile backcountry of the Rockies and Alaska. Roads built there (to reach what is usually poor quality timber) cause soil erosion and siltation of rivers and streams, thus harming irrigation systems and reducing the quality of wildlife habitat.

In the northern Rockies, some of America's finest trout and salmon rivers have been severely damaged by more than ten feet of mud caused by Forest Service road building and logging. And although some of Idaho's waters are finally recovering from the road building and logging activities of the 1950's, the Forest Service is planning new developments on fragile soils that are destined to repeat the injury.

The total mileage of roads built by the Forest Service is more than eight times the total mileage of the U.S. Interstate System. Almost 342,000 miles of roads have been constructed in the national forests, and there are plans to nearly double this.

According to the Forest Service, over the next fifty years it plans construction of 262,000 miles of new roads and the reconstruction of 319,000 miles of existing roads, the equivalent of going to the moon and back and then circling the earth four times.

This massive road building program is designed to accommodate logging activities. Yet much of this logging is uneconomical and is dependent upon substantial subsidies from the federal government. To log these forests, the USFS classifies land as "commercial forest" if it produces 20 or more cubic feet of wood fiber per year. In contrast, the standard for private firms is three to five times that amount. As a consequence of the incentives this low standard provides, the Forest Service consistently underinvests in its most productive sites and overinvests in money-losing, environmentally fragile areas. This is the predictable consequence of management being hostage to politics.

The proposed sale of timber in Tolan Creek, Montana, typifies the economics of timber sales in the Bitterroot National Forest. After the Forest Service spent $304,000 to build new roads in the area, the agency estimates it will lose $257,000 on the timber sale. Although the agency maintains that future sales in the area will pay for the roads, an analysis by Forest Service economist Fred Stewart indicates that even after receipts from future sales are considered the agency will lose more than $24,000.

The Wilderness Society maintains that things are even worse in the Tongass National Forest in Alaska. They claim that in Tongass, taxpayers are subsidizing logging and road building to the tune of more than $50 million per year. This implies that we are spending more than $30,000 to create each timber job. In terms of its own budget, the Forest Service returns seven cents to the U.S. Treasury for every dollar it spends on the Tongass. Nationally, despite the increasing value of its timber, the Forest Service returns about 72 cents for each dollar spent on timber management.

In the Gallatin National Forest, which has its headquarters near FREE's Bozeman, Montana, office, backcountry recreation provides more than 16 jobs for every job produced by the timber industry. The timber jobs, though they are important to those they employ and to the culture of the area, make up a small part of community wages, representing only 2 percent of local employment. Yet the Forest Service has plans for a massive road building project. Little attention has been given to the impact upon 1,171 workers in the recreation industry whose jobs are partially dependent upon a relatively pristine environment.

The slight attention given to the recreation industry is also a predictable consequence of the institutional arrangements and incentives faced by the Forest Service. Forest Service managers are rewarded for selling timber, even when the timber they sell loses money. Their discretionary budget is largely dependent upon timber volume, not net value. Congress, which liberally funds Forest Service roads and timber sales, allows forest managers to keep a share of timber receipts for their own budgets, and the amount they keep is a function of timber volume. Forest managers who want a larger budget can essentially appropriate more money to their unit by selling timber — their agency keeps a share of the receipts. Since Congress pays the cost of arranging sales and building roads, but does not require the Forest Service to reimburse the Treasury for those costs, from the perspective of the district ranger, sales appear to generate profits, not losses, regardless of the true economics of the sales.

On the other hand, most recreational activities produce no budgetary reward for managers because Congress permits fee collection only for developed campgrounds. Also, Congress is less generous in funding recreational activities than in funding timber-related ones. The result is that even if managers are more interested in recreation than in timber, the only way to fund many of their recreation programs is by selling timber.

If the road building and logging activities described above served a great national purpose, they would be more defensible. Yet in the above examples, the economic costs of securing the timber far exceeded any commercial value of the timber. In many cases, roads funded at taxpayer expense allowed access to timber that was too sparse, too marginal, or too slow-growing to justify the high price of the roads and other development costs. In essence, taxpayers are subsidizing environmentally destructive behavior that no private timber company or private landowner could afford.

Road building has other bad side effects. Any increased road access to the backcountry effectively displaces many wildlife species. Although the Forest Service claims to close roads except when they are being used for management or logging, they do so by placing a green gate across the road. Often this is a symbolic action offering no real barrier to jeeps, motorcycles, snowmobiles, and ATVs. Thus, quiet backcountry areas originally intended for hikers, photographers, hunters, and the wildlife that attracts them are converted into recreational areas for motor vehicles.

The Forest Service's logging activities have also displaced

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trails. In the 1940's, the U.S. National Forest had 144,000 miles of trails. By 1984, there were only 98,500 miles of trails—despite the fact that during this period the number of backpackers and sportsmen using the forests had increased by a factor of ten. The problem is that backpackers contribute little to Forest Service budgets.

There is increased awareness that mankind is running up against serious environmental constraints. Both locally and nationally people are coming to recognize that below-cost sales are injurious to the environmental and economic health of many areas. In the same way that the Exxon Valdez spill hurt nearly all domestic oil producers, below-cost timber sales in areas such as the Greater Yellowstone portray the industry as environmentally insensitive and dependent upon government largesse. Over the long run, the timber industry has a stake in eliminating below-cost sales.

Environmentalists often decry private timber companies as environmental plunderers. Inciting public indignation and generating funds, environmental groups portray the timber industry as a wanton destroyer of wilderness and wildlife. But this is an industry that must be understood in its institutional context.

Currently the federal government owns about one-third of the land in the United States, and state and local governments own another 9 percent. The rest is privately owned. In 1973, the Forest Service adopted a nondeclining flow policy, which is to say it would sell no more timber today than will be sold in the future. However, during the Reagan administration, John Crowell, who was assistant secretary of agriculture responsible for the Forest Service, advocated ignoring the nondeclining flow policy and suggested doubling the allowable cut. This timber "overhang" has had a huge negative impact on private sector investments in forestry, because increasing uncertainty about federal "dumping" of timber onto the market reduces the expected value of private timber.

Private companies manage their land for marketable products. They do not build extensive road systems into poor quality timber sites or systematically lose money on timber sales as the National Forest Service does. Private firms cannot force taxpayers to subsidize their operations, and those that lose money on sales will go bankrupt. If a private company owns marginal timber land that is *de facto* wilderness, it is normally in the company's interest to leave it alone or transfer it to a conservation group such as the Nature Conservancy. Alternatively, they may manage it for its most highly valued use, which may be for wildlife habitat or recreation when they can benefit from doing so.

However, if a company owns a high-quality timber site, it will be logged and managed in such a way to maximize discounted returns. While private timber companies do engage in political favor seeking, these companies do not act primarily to placate Congress. They are more interested in generating profits in the marketplace. That self-interest leads private timber companies to behave in a more economically responsible manner than does the Forest Service. Often, they do less environmental damage, for they rarely remove timber that will not pay its way out of the woods.

A good example of private management benefiting wildlife and timber management is Champion International's management of its forest lands in western Washington State. In the late 1970's Champion International and the Washington Department of Wildlife began a cooperative management program to encourage deer in the forests. Champion limited the size of its new clearcuts and distributed them across the forest in order to give the deer as much habitat as possible.

Initially, this did not have the desired effect for Champion. There was an explosion of the deer population, which resulted in widespread deer damage to conifer seedlings. Also, because of the high deer densities, the reproductive rates of the does declined, and the number of fawns surviving was low. The public blamed Champion's clearcut logging for the decline.

In response, the Washington Department of Wildlife agreed to alter the management of the deer herd on Champion lands by designing special hunting seasons to reduce the deer numbers. This, in turn, lessened the deer damage to seedlings, and allowed for more viable fawns. In return, Champion continued its cooperation in timber harvesting, and agreed to fund a deer population monitoring program.

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The best managers of timberlands are private timber companies and institutional investors, such as pension funds and insurance companies, interested in long-term investments.

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In 1987, Champion began a fee-access program. Hunters were charged a modest fee for the right to hunt on Champion lands. Not only was the response of hunters greater than expected, but nearly one-third of the access permits in the first two years was purchased by mushroom and berry pickers, hikers, mountain bikers, fishermen, and others.

The cooperative deer management program on Champion lands benefited all parties. The combination of sensitive forest management and a balanced hunting season has made the Champion lands the most productive deer habitat in western Washington. In 1988 the Champion tree farm had the highest hunter success rate of any forest lands in the state. For Champion, the deer were converted from a liability into a resource.

Congressman Dick Armey's (R-Texas) solution for closing obsolete American Army bases may show us a way to reform the Forest Service. Last spring a House resolution to prevent the closure of 86 military bases failed by a vote of 381-43, a belated but no less welcome victory for common sense and economic efficiency. The closings are projected to save taxpayers $5.6 billion over the next twenty years.

Congressman Armey overcame his previously successful

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opposition by applying the economic logic of self-interest to the political process. Recognizing that political obstacles to base closings were costing the public billions of dollars, Mr. Armey devised a strategy that would waive the restrictions of O'Neill-Cohen (which mandated a comprehensive and costly environmental impact study before a base could be closed) and force Congress to confront closure. Under his plan, a commission studied and assembled a list of bases that could be closed without harming our nation's security. Congress then had to accept the bases as a package, closing all of them or none at all.

The National Forest System and national defense system have many characteristics in common. They both:

—provide highly visible jobs in the communities where they operate;

—have units widely dispersed throughout the country;

—have some units (national forests and military bases) producing a public good and others producing "public bads";

—have political constituencies and economic ramifications that make it difficult to shut down individual units.

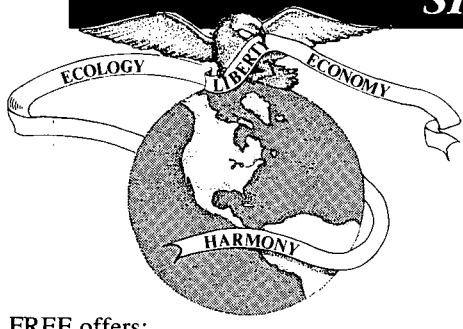
I suggest that we apply the Armey strategy to the national forests, to close down commercial timber management in those ranger districts of national forests that consistently lose money. First, as happened in the closing of the military bases, a commission composed of individuals with broad experience in business, government, and in this case, conservation and forestry, would be created. Such a diverse commission will likely protect both environmental quality and economic efficiency, and our foremost objectives will be realized: to halt below-cost timber sales, ease the burden of the taxpayer, and protect the environment.

The commission's first task would be to identify ranger districts that do not make money from their timber and recommend that these districts be closed. These lands are of course valuable for their wildlife habitats, watershed protection, and as recreational areas, and they should be protected accordingly.

My next step goes beyond the Armey plan and advocates the transfer of profitable ranger districts to parties that will manage them better. Hence the second task for the commission would be to identify profitable sites and prepare them for auction. The best managers of timberlands are private timber companies and institutional investors, such as pension funds and insurance companies, interested in long-term investments. They must, however, have incentives to protect the lands in which they are investing. Successful bidders on what are now federal lands would have to accept constraints on herbicide and pesticide use, restrictions on the cutting of old growth timber, recreational easements, and protective buffers along watercourses.

Only the Forest Service's distorted bureaucratic logic sees clearcutting and the building of erosive logging roads as enhancing aesthetics, wildlife habitat, and watershed protection. Instead of maximizing the value of the lands it manages, the Forest Service maximizes its budget. Its behavior is not the result of evil, stupid, or incompetent people, but is the consequence of the centralized, bureaucratized nature of the institution—a nature that can be changed. The public choice model inspired by Congressman Armey provides an effective method for doing so.

NOT ALL ENVIRONMENTALISTS ARE THE SAME SHADE OF GREEN*



Despite worldwide acceptance of free market solutions, and the failure of central planning, most American environmentalists advocate governmental management of our environment. The Foundation for Research on Economics and the Environment, FREE, offers a more effective approach. FREE's work has shown that free enterprise, private property rights, and the market process can produce economically effective and environmentally sensitive outcomes.

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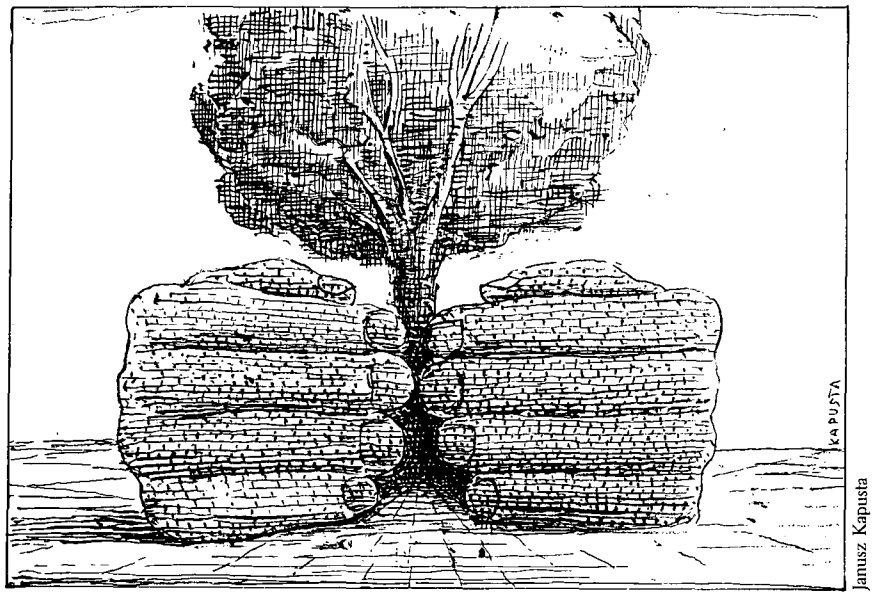
Natural Technology

by Frederick Turner



Janusz Kapusta

If asked to state the goal of the environmental movement, a participant in it would probably say something like: "to promote a sustainable relationship between human beings and nature."

How could one possibly object to such a formulation? Yet hidden in it is a set of assumptions that may paradoxically lie at the root of our present environmental crisis.

There is a close resemblance between this stated goal and a much older idea from the rationalistic theology of the modern West: that the goal of the moral life is to promote a sustainable relationship between human beings and God. This God is the God of Christian theism, Who is eternal, transcendent, perfect, and unchanging. Obedience to Him is true happiness. We human beings are by nature fallen and wicked in part, and thus a caste of priests is necessary, themselves under discipline by an ecclesiastical organization, to discipline the population in the correct beliefs and religious practices.

A remarkable human culture flourished under the Christian theism of the West: whether it can survive the effects of democracy, technological progress, and intercultural exchange, all of which it helped to foster, is presently in doubt. It was itself the heir of a religious world view that was less abstract, less transcendent, more a matter of ritual and performance than what succeeded it, in which God, the angels, and the saints (and before that, the gods) were more immanent; less perfect, less absolute in knowledge and power, more a process, more a story than a theology. Christianity has periodically regretted its departure from that ancient religious milieu, a milieu much more appropriate to the life and thoughts of Jesus Christ himself.

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But the point here is that the environmentalist ethic has in effect replaced God with nature. As the phrase goes, "It's not nice to fool Mother Nature." James Lovelock's Gaia hypothesis, which argues plausibly that in some sense the planet Earth is a sort of superorganism, perhaps like a giant polyp or colonial animal or coral reef, maintaining its own atmosphere, climate, and chemical environment, has supplied its more religious followers with a personal name for the new deity. But the fact that the name and sex of the deity have changed does not mean that the new cult has not inherited many of the fundamental problems implicit in Western Christianity.

Many contemporary environmentalists would probably accept without much question a set of assumptions, derived from modern Christianity, that if examined might prove to be problematic. They would include the following:

That the essential feature of nature is homeostasis: that is, there is a natural balance that is restored when it is disturbed, and a natural harmony.

That happiness is doing the will of nature.

That happiness is essentially stasis, an unchanging and secure state in which the future is more or less predictable (this is an unpacking of the central term *sustainable*).

That human beings are different and separate from, and subordinate to, a transcendent nature.

That human beings are no better and no more important than any other species (i.e., the Christian doctrine of the equality of souls before God has been translated into a doctrine of the equality of species before nature).

That an (unelected) community of environmentally conscious, morally refined, sober, devout, humble, and self-denying ecological Brahmins should interpret to the masses the will of nature and direct them accordingly, chastising the merchant/industrial caste, humbling the warrior caste, and disciplining the farmer caste.

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There are four main problems with this set of assumptions.

The first is that nature is not and has not ever been static. It is easy to demonstrate that nature is a process of irreversible changes at every level of the microcosm and the macrocosm, both in the living world and in the world in general. Among living organisms, the number of species has pretty steadily increased from the origin of life about four billion years ago until now. The complexity, hierarchical organization, and neural development of the most highly organized species has increased over time.

In the universe at large, there has been a steady and irreversible increase in several crucial measures. They include its size (it has been expanding since the Big Bang), and its age (this is not a trivial measure, since the universe at any moment includes its own history: we are receiving light from the first-kindled stars; and the very *continuity* of time has been increasing over time, as more and more coherent organisms, capable of recording their own past, have evolved). The thermodynamic entropy of the universe has increased. The complexity of the temporal *Umwelt* — the region of sensitivity and degree of freedom of a given organism — has increased: the definition of time required to describe a photon (which preexisted all the more complex forms of matter) is much simpler than that required to describe a crystal, a cabbage, a giraffe, or a human being. The amount of feedback or self-reference in the universe has increased irreversibly (we will return to this issue later). The amount of information in the universe has increased. The universe has cooled down and will continue to do so. Even the *rate* of all these changes has been changing irreversibly; some of them also unpredictably.

Thus the idea of "sustainability" and general homeostasis is a profoundly unnatural goal. The universe does not, except in certain temporary periods and places, sustain or maintain: it changes, improves, complexifies. Sexual reproduction, to take a good example, consists of a sophisticated and powerful mechanism to ensure that the genetic inheritance of a species changes irreversibly: it is a system to subvert and disrupt sustainability and maintainability. We human beings may still want the security of sustainability: but we should not invoke the authority of nature to do so.

Another problem with the idea of sustainability is that human happiness cannot consist in stasis and obedience. Elementary psychology tells us that we are sensation-seeking animals, and that our brains work upon a principal of habituation and fatigue; if we encounter the same stimulus for a period of time (say, a ticking clock) we very quickly discount it and cease to notice it. Stasis is thus sensory deprivation, which is the most subtle and severe form of torture we know.

There now exists a more sophisticated version of the environmentalist position, which abandons the usual praise of natural homeostasis and asserts that it is only in the wild, the wilderness areas, that nature can find its true freedom to evolve and develop, in its naturally irreversible and unpredictable way. This argument reverses the usual complaint against human culture, that it changes things too fast, and asserts that human culture by taming and domesticating nature robs it of its creative powers of metamorphosis. This is a serious and interesting argument, and clearly holds some truth that should be incorporated into the wiser environmentalism that is the goal of this essay. But its imagination is limited. For is not the disturbing, horrifying, unpredictable, dangerous, and protean character of human culture and technology the wildest thing of all, the true wilderness that lies beyond the edge of the tamer, more serene and self-maintaining fields of the terrestrial ecology? Is not human culture as compared to the rest of nature, like a sexually-reproducing species as compared to an ambient ecology of clones?

This reflection leads us to the second major objection to the cliché that is serving us so usefully as a straw man. That is, that the distinction it draws between the human and the natural is patently false.

We are descended in a direct evolutionary line from natural animal species, and are ourselves a natural species. Our nature, certainly optimistic, transformative, activist, and bent on propagating itself, is not unlike that of other species, only more so. We are what nature has always been trying to be, so to speak. Nor can it be objected that it is the *speed* at which we transform ourselves and the world around us that is unnatural. Higher animals evolve faster than do more primitive organisms, as they in turn do so faster than non-living systems. If we take flexibility, complexity, hierarchical organization, and self-referentiality as the measure, we may define nature as acceleration itself. For us to slow down would, if we take nature *to date* as the model of what is natural, be an unnatural thing to do.

Not that I am necessarily advocating a continuous indiscriminate acceleration of our activities; but any moratorium we call cannot honestly be claimed to be in the name of nature. Nor am I denying the human fact of evil actions, both against other human beings and against the rest of nature. In the old religion which serves as the tacit model for some aspects of current environmentalism, that evil was explained by the Fall. But in that old religion there was also a wisdom that called the Fall a *felix culpa*, a happy fault. The good of knowledge, freedom, and the possibility of divine redemption came with the darker lapsarian consequences of death, guilt, and the propensity to sin. My claim is that nature itself, like ourselves, is fallen, is falling, and has always been falling, outward into the future from the initial explosion of the Big Bang; onward into more and more conscious, beautiful, tragic, complex, and conflicted forms of existence, away from the divine simplicities and stupor of the primal energy-field.

Thus for good and ill we are in solidarity with the rest of nature; and thus though there may be a vaguely good moral intention to the injunction that humankind should live in harmony with nature, the idea is essentially incoherent. Perhaps one might take it as a slightly stretched metaphor, as one's doctor might advise one to live in harmony with one's kidney or liver, or that our brain should live in harmony with our body.

The third objection is to species equality. It should not really be necessary to argue whether a human being or an AIDS virus is more valuable, but we are forced to such measures by the assertions of some of the more extreme Deep Ecologists. These latter question our right to consider ourselves more important and valuable than other species,

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and thus to affect their destiny. This point looks reasonable if we think about whales, bears, and other animals with whom it is easy to identify. But it leads to deep absurdities. Why should such theorists draw the line at living organisms? Are they not guilty of vitalist chauvinism, in not giving equal rights to crystals, clumps of amorphous matter, atoms, photons?

One of the fundamental principles of nature is hierarchy: the food chain, the neural delegation of control, and the branched subordination of functions within a given living organism amply illustrate the principle. Though interdependence is indeed another basic principle of nature, it does not imply equality. The brain and the kidney are interdependent, but medical ethics would rightly insist that the kidney is subordinate to and less valuable than the brain. Any surgeon would rightly sacrifice a kidney to save a much smaller volume of brain tissue.

Although the combination of ideas can cause cognitive dissonance in some minds, we human beings are both part of nature, and superior to and more valuable than any other part; while at the same time we are essentially dependent on the rest of nature, and the loss of any of its unique and beautiful forms is an absolute loss to us.

The final objection to the cliché with which we began is political. Any attempt to impose Brahminical control over the masses—over the merchant, warrior, and farmer castes, so to speak—is doomed to failure. In Eastern Europe the Communist Party was just such an enlightened and refined elite, and indeed, as we are finding, it did help to keep down such atavistic tendencies as ethnic hatred. But all over the world those masses have sacrificed themselves, suffered and died, to escape or overthrow that Brahminical control.

So to sum up, the formula, "a sustainable relationship between human beings and nature" is profoundly misleading. Nature does not sustain, but changes cumulatively, sometimes preserving earlier states of it while inventing new ones, and integrating old and new together in a more reflexive and self-observing way than before. There is no "between" the human and the natural, unless there can be a special relationship, not between one thing and another, but between the most characteristic and quintessential part of a whole, and the whole of which it is the privileged part, privileged because it is the most developed product of its whole process. Human beings are not equal to, but superior to, other species. And the complete injunction to the sustainable relationship as formulated is politically impossible to enforce.

Nevertheless, there is a residual wisdom in the call for the sustainable relationship. It might be worth our while to try to reformulate and rescue this goal, by providing for it a sounder philosophical (and theological) basis. It may seem odd to cut our theology to fit our environmental ethics, but let us, in a playful spirit, do so anyway. Perhaps afterwards we can see whether the result makes sense philosophically and morally, and discover if it has any significant continuity with the best of our religious traditions.

Let us begin by following the Gaia hypothesis in its theological implication that the divine is immanent in the world, not detached from it. This is not necessarily to adopt a pantheist position. If, by analogy, we assert that the mind and soul are immanent in a brain and body rather than detachable from them, we are not committed to believing that the mind and soul are only the brain and body. Thus the first axiom of a natural theology would be: THE DIVINE IS IN NATURE.

If, then, the divine is *in* nature, how might we find out the nature of the divine? Surely by examining and listening to nature itself, just as we find out about a man's or woman's soul by examining the tendency of their bodily actions and listening to what they physically say. That is, we should pay attention to the process, the *story*, of nature, if we wish to know its divine soul. And nature, as we have already seen, includes us as its acme and quintessence; so we must look especially at ourselves, the most characteristic part of God's (or the gods') natural body. The way we find out, the process of knowing, the attempt to come to know the story of things, is called science. Thus our second axiom might be: WE KNOW THE DIVINE BY MEANS OF THE SCIENTIFIC UNDERSTANDING OF NATURE AND OURSELVES.

A story is an irreversible process of events that are unpredictable beforehand but apparently inevitable and obvious once they have happened. The very possibility of story implies that time is essentially asymmetrical, that truth can be a different thing prospectively than retrospectively. There are fixed truths, or we would have no points of reference by which to know; but the newly-emergent truths include most of what we consider valuable, good, and beautiful: all the exquisite forms of matter, life, and mind that have evolved over the history of the universe. If nature has no story, then we can conclude that God is (or the gods are) fixed and eternal, forever unsurprised and undisturbed. If nature has a story (or many stories), as it most manifestly and emphatically has, then we must conclude that the divine has one, too. Thus, the third axiom of our natural theology would be: THE DIVINE CHANGES; THE DIVINE HAS A STORY.

If we do examine nature and ourselves we discover both that there are underlying unities under the variety of things—the mathematical forms, the constants of physics—and also that nature is an evolutionary drama, a competitive/cooperative dialogue among its parts, species, levels, and principles. Thus if nature is the body of the divine, we may infer a fourth axiom: THE DIVINE IS BOTH ONE AND MANY. It is one in its most remote, abstract, timeless, impersonal, simpleminded, and passive aspects, and many in its most immediate, concrete, changing, personal, intelligent, and active aspects. In deference to our own monotheistic tradition I shall from here on refer to the divine as "God," but it should be understood that the polytheistic description of the divine as "the gods" is in many ways superior; I prefer it myself, but others might find it distracting.

The transformation of the gods of change is not exclusively random, reversible, and meaningless; as we have seen, the evolution of the universe is progressive, irrevocable, and dramatically meaningful. There is a one-way process of increasing feedback, reflexivity, self-organization, and freedom as the world evolves. Elementary particles have polarity but no shape. Atoms, more reflexive than particles, have simple geometrical shapes that are symmetrical in many

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dimensions. With molecules—which could not exist until the universe had cooled enough to permit them—we see the first asymmetrical shapes and the birth of individuality. Molecules have complex feedback systems, many degrees of freedom, and the capacity to organize in periodic structures such as crystals. Living organisms are yet more asymmetrical, free, and capable of organization, and they contain a recording of their own structure in the DNA language. Mind continues this story into the most complex forms of consciousness,. self-determination, and communication. Thus the fifth axiom: THE STORY OF GOD IS ONE OF INCREASING INDIVIDUALITY, MEANING, AND FREEDOM. Progress is not a human invention, but a divine one.

If the universe is God's body, then we—and by "we" I mean all the intelligent species in the universe—are the most sensitive, most aware, most self-organizing of its parts. Though we are not the whole, we are that which increasingly has some knowledge of and control over the whole. Thus the sixth axiom: WE ARE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF GOD.

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A 'sustainable relationship between human beings and nature' is profoundly misleading. Nature does not sustain, but changes cumulatively, sometimes preserving earlier states of it while inventing new ones, and integrating old and new together in a more reflexive and self-observing way than before.

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But this nervous system is still very rudimentary, and has penetrated and innervated only a tiny portion of the universe up to date. We stand at the first trembling moment of the history of the universe, the flash of a dawn that is a mere twenty billion years old, the dawn of a ten-trillion-year day. Thus a seventh axiom: GOD IS STILL ONLY A FETUS. From this follows an eighth: WE SERVE GOD BY HELPING HIM TOWARD GREATER SELF-AWARENESS.

As organisms evolve, they develop more and more complex chemical, electrical, and mechanical systems, known as bodies, in order to control and be controlled by their environment—to act and to sense. All bodies are prostheses, that is, they are in their elements, before they are used by an organism, not part of the living organism itself, but pressed artificially into service by that organism. For instance, the carbon atoms that my body uses to construct its protein and enzyme factories are exactly the same as they were before I commandeered them by eating them in my asparagus. Likewise, the coat of tiny sticks and bits of gravel that a caddisworm constructs for itself is part of its body, though in itself not strictly alive. The body of a termite colony includes its nest, that marvelously air-conditioned residence containing nurseries, storehouses, factories, and farms. Likewise a beaver colony. The nest of the male blue satin bowerbird is not even used as a nest at all, but as a communication device to persuade a female bowerbird to mate, a piece of advertising. Yet in a strong sense that nest is part of its body. Plants and animals use probes, crutches, shelters, tools, vehicles, weapons, and other prostheses that do not need to be directly connected to their flesh or nerves, but that are essential parts of their bodies. All living organisms do so at the atomic and molecular level, even the crudest microorganisms; the more advanced an organism is, the larger and more organized in themselves are the outside structures that it is able to use and transform into its synthetic body.

Artificial systems of investigation, control, and communication, as these are, have a name: technology. The body of a living organism is its technology; the technology of an organism is its body. Our life is, after all, only the pattern of information spelled out in our genes: a pattern that survives any given atom in our bodies, except for the ones we have not yet metabolized at our death. Our own technology is an extension of our bodies; but our bodies are nothing more than such cumulative extensions. Biological evolution, and arguably even pre-biological evolution, are in this sense precisely the increase in the complexity and power of technology. Nature is technology, then. Thus if nature is the body of God, then we may formulate a ninth surprising axiom: GOD IS THE PROCESS OF INCREASING TECHNOLOGY.

If our moral function is to serve God, then it is to help God change from a fetus into a fully-developed being, to realize God's future growth and self-awareness. The way to do this is to continue to innervate the universe by knowledge and control, and thus to extend our own bodies, the region of our own technology, throughout the universe. Thus the tenth axiom: TO SERVE GOD IS TO INCREASE THE SCOPE, POWER, BEAUTY, AND DEPTH OF TECHNOLOGY.

Our logic has brought us therefore to an astonishing and perhaps shocking conclusion, utterly at odds with the prevailing mood of our culture. How can we redeem this statement, and make it fit what we feel about our role in the world?

The answer must be that we need a thorough reevaluation of what technology is and what we mean when we use the term. We know there is such a thing as bad technology; but the theological implications we have discovered make it essential that we define what is good technology, because without good technology, we cannot adequately serve God. It will no longer be sufficient for us to attempt to get away from or to dissolve our technology; to do so, if it were even possible, would be to deny our divine duty and to commit a sin against the Holy Spirit. However, our investigation of what is good technology may have the virtue of clarifying what is bad technology, bad service of God, and thus constitute a powerful if gentle critique of society.

Good technology, first of all, increases and does not decrease the organized complexity of the world. The science fiction writer Ursula Le Guin has a lovely phrase for this: the purpose of the Ekumen, the loose confederation of intelligent species she describes in her novel *The Left Hand of Darkness*, is "to increase the intensity and complexity of the field of intelligent life." Perhaps there is a little bio-chauvinism in this formula—we might also want to

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encourage beautiful crystals and sculptures—but it will do very well. Bad technology is technology that destroys technology, whether in the form of the bodies of animals and plants, or in the form of our own rich material and mental culture.

As a direct implication of the injunction to increase the organized complexity of the world, good technology preserves earlier stages and products of its own process. It will, therefore, pay special attention to the preservation of chemical complexity, to the preservation of the richness and variety of life, to the preservation of the higher organisms in particular, and to the care and reverence of human life. This is the natural order of our increasing concern, because life, higher organisms, and human beings are closer and closer approximations to the emerging nervous system of God. Likewise within an organism, we give preference to the higher functions, especially the nervous system, over lower vegetative functions. This hierarchy of concern is really common sense; it is the automatic assumption of any good surgeon—or any animal caught in a trap—in making decisions about which part must be sacrificed to save the rest. Indeed, it will be necessary to slow down or renounce certain environmentally unsound technologies, and to isolate what are misleadingly called "wilderness areas" from the natural interference of other species, such as ourselves and the pantropic weeds, in order to promote the richer evolution of the rest. This is exactly what some environmental radicals have demanded, though on other grounds. But we do not necessarily have to yield to an antihuman and anti-technological ideology in order to make such choices.

The theology outlined here would suggest that we embrace an activist, restorationist environmentalism, that goes with, not against, the natural inclination of humanity toward greater experience, self-awareness, mutual feedback, and technical power. It is not our job to leave nature alone nor to coexist peacefully with it; we are it, we are its future, its promise, its purpose. We must actively continue its project. But if we are to do so we desperately need more knowledge and research.

For a start, we need to know much more about how ecologies work. We particularly need a better bacteriology, and a better understanding of the subtle interplay of plant, animal, and human societies, gene pools, and the climatological and geological feedback loops they involve. We need to bring together evolutionists and ecologists, who sometimes do not seem to talk to each other, for a grand synthesis. The best way to do this is through the practical craft of ecological restoration itself. We best find out how ecologies work by recreating them.

We also need to know much more about genetic inheritance and genetic expression. It is beginning to look as if the 95 percent of the genome that is not expressed is actually a jumbled but fairly complete archive of a given organism's entire evolutionary history. Like certain big old business computer programs, which have been patched and augmented so many times that the programmers themselves no longer know quite what might still come in useful one day, it is simply too expensive to clean out all the old material, and really very inexpensive to store it in a dormant state. Further, the bacteria and viruses of the world constitute a huge lending library of past genetic diversity from all other living species. Using recombinant DNA techniques (as bacteria themselves do all the time) it may be possible one day to reconstruct and resurrect extinct species from this "fossil" DNA, and to develop new species adapted to new ecological niches and even to other planets. In this work we may become the seed-vectors and pollinators of the universe, carrying life beyond the fragile eggshell of this planet, so exposed to sterilization by a stray asteroid strike or an extra-large comet. We will eventually be in the business of the ecotransformation of planets; in fact we are already, with this one. We need to start thinking in these terms.

Less obviously, we need to study the mind itself; cognition, self-awareness, and all the other characteristics of sapient life. If we are the neurons of the divine, and charged, as fetal neurons are, with wiring up the divine brain, then we need to know how the neurons themselves work. Just as the best understanding of ecology comes from restoration and the best understanding of genes comes from recombining DNA in new forms, so our best understanding of the mind is going to come from the attempt to create artificial intelligence. We know by doing and making. Artificial intelligence should be not a distant and irrelevant field for ecologists; already the computer study of nonlinear chaos, artificial neural networks, genetic algorithms, and genetic, cellular, and ecological models are coming together into a super-discipline. The human brain seems to be an ultra-fast evolving and self-organizing ecology of competing and cooperating neurochemical and neurotopological organisms, an accelerated and more intense form of those external ecologies we call forests or oceans.

Finally, and most of all, we need a new aesthetic philosophy, critique, and theology, as humanistic as it is naturalistic, embodied in an art by which all these studies can be guided. The most ancient form of artificial intelligence is art itself. Beauty is finally our surest indication of whether what we do is in the most creative direction for nature as a whole. But our sense of beauty itself must be educated by an ecopoetics, to use a term coined by Tim Redman, that embodies all our new knowledge of the *oikos* or household of nature.

Nature has not died, as some recent commentators have complained. It is only now awakening, and we are its eyes, its ears, and its tongue. ◇

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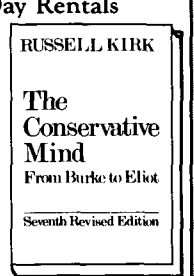

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The Preservation of the World

by Gregory McNamee

"Accuse not nature, she hath done her part; Do thou but thine!"
—John Milton

Ecology in the Twentieth Century: A History
by Anna Bramwell
New Haven: Yale University Press;
292 pp., $16.95

This Incomperable Lande: A Book of American Nature Writing
Edited by Thomas J. Lyon
Boston: Houghton Mifflin;
495 pp., $29.95

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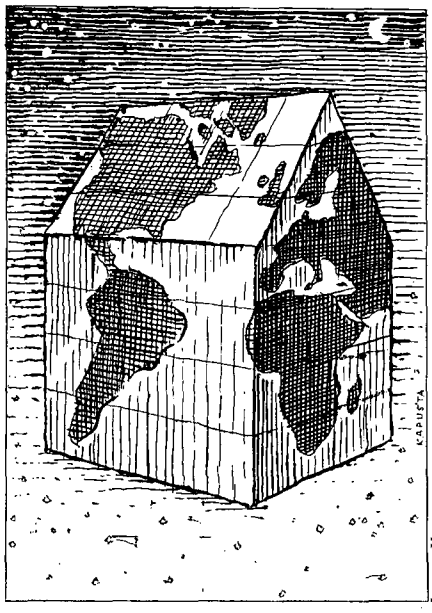
Slow learners that we humans are, only recently have great numbers of us become aware of the tremendous, seemingly insurmountable ecological crises facing us. Some environmentalists date the earliest stirrings of this now-widespread awareness of the natural world and of our increasingly disastrous effects upon it to 1962, when Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* drew international attention to the dangers of pesticide spraying, especially of the fearfully toxic DDT, on garden plots and fields throughout the world. Others date it to April 22, 1970, when the first Earth Day celebrations were held in the United States, Western Europe, and Japan. (In this country more than twenty million people observed the event.) By any reckoning, words like *ecology*, *greenhouse effect*, and *environment* are relative newcomers to the common tongue, as any lexicographer will attest.

Scientific specialists had such words much earlier. The term *ecology* was coined by a German biologist, Ernst Haeckel, in his monograph *Generelle*


Janusz Kapusta

Morphologie (1866). From those arcane origins, the word spread into the scientific literature, and Haeckel's *Ökologie* became a naturalized citizen of the English language within a few years of its birth. Like his European contemporaries, the now all-but-forgotten Haeckel sought to discover general laws about the individual human's physical relationship with the natural world, about the place of humankind in a cosmos governed by unalterable forces, just as Karl Marx and before him Friedrich Hegel grappled to distill the universal laws of history.

There is, of course, nothing new under the sun. A mere seven years before Haeckel, in England, Charles Darwin set forth his own laws of nature in a book that altered history, *The Origin of Species*. Indeed, Darwin might be used to explain the history of ecology. Just as species diverge in new environments to form new species—thus reindeer in the Eurasian Arctic, caribou in the American—so the scientific ecology of the European Enlightenment has split into many "ecologies." In modern Europe environmentalism has become a powerful political force, thanks in large measure to the parliamentary successes of the Green parties of Germany, England, and Scandinavia. For most Greens, Henry David Thoreau is an unknown quantity; their guiding icon looks suspiciously more like Karl Marx than Chief Seattle, with a good slug of the British biologist Sir James Lovelock, author of the "Gaia hypothesis," for good measure. The Green program in many European nations is a confused mix of laissez-faire economics, antinuclear agitprop, and a nostalgic hippie ethic that makes it a natural magnet for aging New Leftists—who have in fact made many gains in cleaning up the Thames and the Danube, in making the air over Rome and Athens more breathable than it has been in years.

Anna Bramwell charts the origins of the Greens in her inaptly titled *Ecology in the Twentieth Century*. Bramwell's greatest success—an accidental one—in her turgid study is to demonstrate how wildly different modern European environmentalism is from its American counterpart. But by playing the facts fast and loose the English historian has delivered an astonishingly bad book; where it is possible to get those facts wrong, she does. An example is her annoying insistence that somewhere in the world lies a country called "North America"; another is her use of the academic term "political ecology" for "ecological politics."

For all that, *Ecology in the Twentieth Century* has its uses. Noting that "the fusion of resource-scarcity economics with holistic biology . . . gave force

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and coherence to ecological ideas," Bramwell traces the rise of European ecologism in the work of such notables as Ernst Haeckel and other proponents of German *Naturphilosophie*—a movement, the great English biologist Sir Peter Medawar has noted, that promulgated "a form of scientific belles lettres with a truly dismal track record for making sense of the puzzles in which biology abounds." Medawar might have been thinking of the German scientist who mused, in the 1930's, over England's status as a world power. It must be due, the good ecologist noted, to the island's cats, which killed mice and rodents that in turn fed on bumblebee larvae; since bees are the most efficient pollinators of red clover, on which British cattle feed and thus provide sustenance for the soldiers and sailors of the Empire, well, then, of course England rests on the performance of its felines. Q.E.D.

Anna Bramwell's rendering of the intellectual history of this romantic school is evenhanded enough, if unoriginal; only when she gets on to later avatars of Haeckel does Bramwell begin to miss the point entirely, as when she says of Sir James Lovelock's "Gaia hypothesis"—a controversial, elegant, and now extremely popular thesis that Earth is a single self-regulating organism—that it supposes that nature thrives in a "serene ecological balance." Pacifists everywhere may hearten at such assurances, but in point of fact the history of the planet suggests that catastrophe of various sorts seems more useful to a healthy ecosystem than does stasis. Bramwell compounds this error by saying wistfully that "ecologists believe in the essential harmony of nature." *Balance*, yes, but the notion of harmony imposes on nature a sort of homey goodwill, by which the lion lies down with the lamb, that few scientific ecologists would recognize.

Her discussion of the political consequences of *Naturphilosophie*, when European environmentalism left the laboratories and entered the streets, is, however, quite good. Ask a modern Green for his or her description of paradise, and chances are that the image evoked will be one of the quiet thatch-roofed farmhouse in a sylvan glen, a curl of smoke arising from the chimney and lambs bleating in a clovery meadow full of swarming bees, fairhaired children dancing bucknaked around a maypole, and strong, handsome elders discussing Marcuse over their meerschaum pipes. There will be little or no evidence of unmanaged nature in such a vision, and for good reason; only in the wilds of highland Scotland and the shadowy Balkans, among a few other places, has Europe left much of the land alone, untroubled by human intervention.

It's a happy enough picture, a world in which J.R.R. Tolkien's hobbits and Hans Christian Andersen's fairies would feel at home. It is also just the picture that Nazism, Italian Fascism, and the Little Englandism of such lights as Edmund Blunden and D.H. Lawrence offered: a world free of factories and capitalism, landlords and—well, non-Europeans. (In 1942, Blunden remarked that he wished Hermann Goering named Lord Protector of England, "because he would restore blacksmiths to every village.") Anna Bramwell points out these connections, remarking on the origins of Western European totalitarianism in fringe country-life movements that glorified peasant virtues and reviled the nastiness and squalor of the metropolis. She also rightly notes that Nazi technocrats like Heydrich and Speer eventually convinced Adolf Hitler that the back-to-the-land ideals of the European ecologists threatened the interests of the New Order: the nostalgic search for harmonious environmental values were "part of the pre-Third Reich yearning for a pan-Aryan, non-national identity of a 'soft' kind."

The parallels with certain strains of modern Green thought are frankly eerie. So, too, are the recent manifestations of *Wandervogel* environmentalism in the Great Russian *Pamy'at* movement, which lately has been giving so much trouble to Mikhail Gorbachev in his attempts to cede at least some state power to the non-Russian republics of the Soviet Union. (One of the leading *Pamy'at* spokesmen is Valentin Rasputin, the author of *Siberia on Fire* and organizer of efforts to protect Lake Baikal from further industrial pollution.) Anna Bramwell does not make enough of those parallels, and she is content to remark merely that the technologically sophisticated, planned economies do the most harm to nature today. This seems a truism, and not a terribly interesting one at that; but one look at the Nile or the Brahmaputra, at the open sewers of Rio de Janeiro and Khartoum, would suggest that Bramwell's argument needs deepening. Given the richness of her topic, it is unfortunate indeed that she could not have done better, if only by giving her book a more accurate and modest title—*Ecology in Saxon Europe*, say.

Bramwell almost entirely disregards North American ecological thought, which makes her sweeping pronouncements on the nature of environmentalism all the more annoying. As a brief on European ideas of nature and humankind's place in it, *Ecology in the Twentieth Century* has many virtues and many vices, but readers in the New World will recognize little of their interests in her pages.

Thomas Lyon's splendid anthology, *This Incomperable Lande*, offers a powerful synthesis of American ideas on nature, ideas that now as two centuries ago are indebted to European science and literature. Our intellectual ancestry is indebted to men and women facing unknown wilderness and the vast space the new continent afforded; it is for good reason that one of our great national heroes is the solitary and far-ranging Johnny Appleseed, not the civic-minded homebody (but anti-bunny) Farmer Brown. Confronting the incomprehensibly huge space of America, our early naturalists abandoned notions of managed nature and the country life, and if most of them made their home in the crowded seaports of Boston and New York, they took to the woods for their solace.

Lyon, a professor of English at Utah State University and for many years editor of the scholarly journal *Western American Literature*, opens his collection with a magisterial series of his own essays on the history of American naturalism. These essays are alone worth the price of the book, as is Lyon's detailed chronology of events in the natural history of the continent; collectively they mark some of the most sensible literary history to have been published in years. The anthology proper begins with an excerpt from William Wood's *New England Prospect* (1634), a suitably awed account of "the kingly lion and the strong-armed

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bear," the "large-limbed mooses with the tripping deer," the "red-eyed ferret" and "ravenous howling wolf" that roamed the forests around the Pilgrim settlements of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; in recognizing the supremacy of these animals in the natural world Europe had invaded ("there is little hope of their utter destruction, the country being so spacious and they so numerous"), Wood becomes the first exemplar of a long North American tradition of ecological writing.

Lyon gives careful attention to these beginnings, noting the contributions of such great but little-known naturalist-explorers as William Bartram, John James Audubon, and Thomas Nuttall, each of whom brought largely self-taught scientific sensibilities into the task of describing the flora and fauna of the new continent. Their work led directly to the less rational celebrations of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose first book, *Nature* (1836), introduced in its turn the deistic, perhaps even pantheistic spirit that marks so much of natural history writing today. "In the woods," Emerson wrote, "we return to reason and faith," setting Enlightenment dogma on its head. The last bison in the East had been killed in Emerson's boyhood, but that did not keep him from seeking a cathedral of sanity in the forests most of his less thoughtful countrymen were hell-bent on destroying.

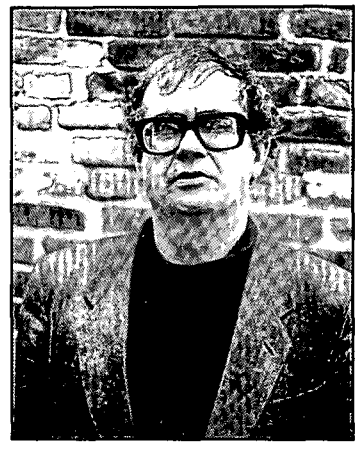
From Emerson, Lyon takes us to Henry David Thoreau, the spiritual forefather of modern American environmentalism in all its guises, who brought scientific vigor to his older friend's Transcendentalism. (Thoreau and Louis Agassiz, one of the first American systematic zoologists, once drove Emerson to tears of rage by discussing the sexual habits of tortoises over Sunday dinner.) Thoreau championed wilderness for its own sake and celebrated an antisocial self-sufficiency; that he took his wash home from Walden Pond every week for his mother to do, an oddity Lyon fails to note, does not diminish his contribution to a dawning preservationist ethic, by which at least something of the continent's original grandeur came to be protected from the rapaciousness of the Industrial Age.

Lyon's anthology offers a first-class selection of the work of our foremost naturalists, from the Scottish wanderer John Muir—who thundered, in response to an unfortunately successful plan to make a reservoir in the Yosemite Valley, "As well dam for water-tanks the people's cathedrals and churches, for no holier temple has been consecrated by the heart of man!"—to Aldo Leopold, thanks to whose efforts the first federally protected wild lands were established, and on to such modern giants as John Haines and Edward Abbey.

In *This Incomperable Lande*, Lyon's enterprise and unfailing good taste have yielded not only a model of literary selection and commentary, but a book that is wonderfully patriotic: it celebrates the best of our continent and culture, and it reminds us once again of all that we have to protect. Lyon's book is timely, for wild America is hurting, along with the rest of the planet, thanks to the shortsightedness and greed of us humans, slow to learn. There is one nature, comprising many ecologies—and many environmentalisms. In all of them, to borrow from Thoreau, lies "the preservation of the World."

SOUTH AFRICA—WHOSE COUNTRY?

The "embarrassing disclosures" just reported by the New York Times (April 24, 1990) of "torture" in the ANC have been around since 1982, especially in Washington.



"...Here is reality at last."—**Brian Crozier** "...The Denton Hearings first showed the full extent of repression and liquidation of opposition in the ANC and in SWAPO."—***The Neue Zuercher Zeitung*** "...incredibly shocking..."—**Rear Admiral W.C. Mott, USN (ret.)** "...an honesty all too often missing..."—***Orbis*** "Raditsa is right that events in southern Africa are subject to widespread misconceptions which play into the hands of the declared enemies of democratic freedom."—***Commentary*** "...elucidates the political morality that designates the most radical opinion, however murderous, as the only true voice of any subjected people."—**Howard Brotz, author of *The Politics of South Africa*** "...divulges what the politico-cultural establishment censors out."—**Lev Navrozov** "...a remarkable achievement."—**Herbert London** "I cannot speak too highly about this book. There is no other like it."—**Arnold Beichman** "This is a powerful and well-documented look at what is really taking place in South Africa..."—**Allan Brownfield in *Chronicles***

PRISONERS OF A DREAM:
THE SOUTH AFRICAN MIRAGE

A Historical Essay on the Denton Hearings

LEO RADITSA

Order direct from the publisher, the **Prince George Street Press**, P.O. Box 252, Annapolis, MD 21404. $25.95 includes shipping .

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'What Men? What Needs?'

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"Rational thought. Calm, reasonable, gentle persuasion. It was this quality of moderation in his writing that most impressed me, for my own inclinations always tended toward the opposite, toward the impatient, the radical, the violent."
—Edward Abbey on Joseph Wood Krutch

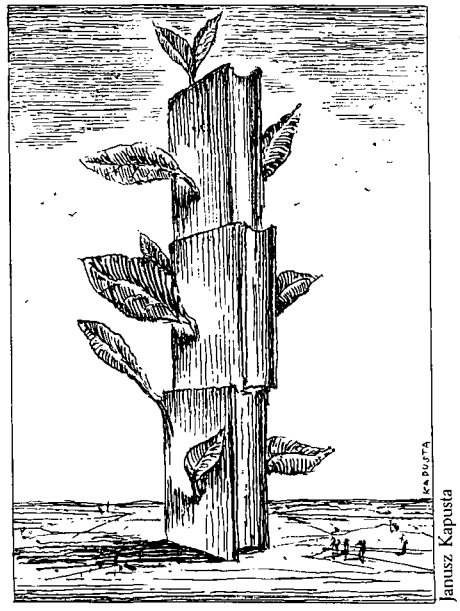
The Desert Year
by Joseph Wood Krutch
Tucson: University of Arizona Press;
270 pp., $10.95 (paper)

The Forgotten Peninsula: A Naturalist in Baja, California
by Joseph Wood Krutch, foreword by Ann Zwinger
Tucson: University of Arizona Press;
277 pp., $9.95 (paper)

Grand Canyon: Today and All Its Yesterdays
by Joseph Wood Krutch
Tucson: University of Arizona Press;
276 pp., $11.95 (paper)

◆

The name of Joseph Wood Krutch was well-known in its day, much less so now. Perhaps the timely reissue of these three titles will do something to remedy the situation; if not, it should. On the final page of *Grand Canyon*, the author writes: "The generation now living may very well be that which will make the irrevocable decision whether or not America will continue to be for centuries to come the one great nation which had the foresight to preserve an important part of its [natural] heritage." Since at any given moment not one but several generations may be counted as "the living," it is hard to say just how prescient Mr. Krutch was when he wrote that sentence. One can only say that, while those people for whom the natural world is an object of intellectual, spiritual, and aesthetic appreciation remain as ever a minority in the United States (as elsewhere), still, the 1990's show promise of being far more sensitive to the concerns of that minority than were the 1950's, when Mr. Krutch was writing. As late as the late 50's, "growth" was one of those incantational imperative buzzwords (like "globaldemocracy" today) upon utterance of which millions of men and women wearing I LIKE IKE buttons were expected to leap to their feet waving tiny American flags. The so-called Greenhouse Effect is perhaps no less an exaggeration than International Communism was, but at least it has had the effect of making people who have scarcely ever set foot off Madison Avenue (or the Madison, Wisconsin, campus) pay their overdue respects to the plight of the natural world some two hundred years after the onset of popular democracy and the Industrial Revolution.


Janusz Kapusta

Joseph Wood Krutch, *aetat.* 59, moved from Connecticut to the American Southwest in 1952, when 18 years of life remained to him. In retrospect he may be seen as the venerable precursor of a generation or two of urban refugees—known more poetically as "earth muffins"—who in the 1960's, 70's, and 80's succeeded in transforming the individualistic legacy of Henry David Thoreau into something approaching a mass movement. Krutch, a native of Tennessee, had spent his adult life in and around New York City where, as drama critic for *The Nation* and professor of drama at Columbia University, he established impeccable credentials as a scion of Gotham. He wrote books on the theater and several more general ones, including that for which he is perhaps best known, *The Modern Temper*—a rather pessimistic meditation on that subject. While resident in Connecticut, this urban man of letters wrote a book about the natural world as it transpired under his nose in his postage stamp-sized piece of New England, and found it pleasing both to himself and to some readers. Waxing bolder, he ventured into southeastern Utah to behold the great canyons, buttes, and deserts that were shortly to entrance a young man named Edward Abbey. He speculated upon these phenomena for years, and then, having arrived at the discovery that he could not banish them from his imagination, made the leap of faith that has landed so many converts in the Great American Wilderness. Joseph Krutch, for his part, came to rest in the Lower Sonoran Desert near Tucson, Arizona, about which he had already written a book (*The Desert Year*) while on sabbatical leave from Columbia.

"With Mr. Krutch," Paul Horgan wrote, "we make a journey into two places. One is the desert itself. The other is his civilized and charming mind. Together they make a country

Chilton Williamson, Jr. is senior editor at Chronicles *and the author of several books, the most recent of which is a novel,* The Homestead, *published last spring by Grove Weidenfeld.*

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where many readers will be very content." In four short sentences Horgan identified the essence of Joseph Wood Krutch's appeal as a "nature writer," in whom the adventurer or even traveler was not lacking but in whom also the armchair naturalist and essayist predominated. Of the three volumes reviewed in this space, *The Forgotten Peninsula* comes closest to being a travel book without ever becoming much of one, despite its account of some fairly strenuous trips by four-wheel-drive vehicle along the partially existent roads of Baja, California, in the 50's. Where Edward Abbey, say, would place such experiences near the dramatic center of his book, Joseph Krutch, by contrast, handles them almost perfunctorily, much preferring to write about what he found upon arrival at his botanical destination, and then to explain in detail what were the implications of the trip for a scientific understanding of how fast the boojum tree grows, how its seeds germinate, and why it has never moved above the Baja Peninsula into the northern reaches of the Lower Sonoran Desert. Maybe because he had spent the better part of a lifetime studying the human drama through its depiction by other human beings, Krutch appears to have detached his dramatic imagination from these things, and to have reattached them to the dramatic potentialities of nature.

To a greater degree perhaps than any other Western literary form, the drama has associated itself with the clash of moral oppositions, with moral dilemma, and with moral paradox. So it comes as no great surprise that Mr. Krutch's greatest strength as a nature writer is his dramatic juxtaposition of the appropriate moral claims of nature with the just ones of mankind. Yet that juxtaposition is never treated in the assertive manner of the writer of morality plays, but rather with the delicate problematical sensitivity of one who happens to be a rather accomplished amateur naturalist as well as a gifted professional humanist. It is this aspect of his work, moreover, that makes Krutch in many ways the conservative's "environmentalist," combining as he does contemporary concerns with traditional principles and habits of thought. In his writing, as he was (from all accounts) in his person, Joseph Wood Krutch remains the urbane and polished classicist, as opposed to the rural romantic, which certainly sets him at a distinct remove from most of the far more abrasive "environmentalist" writers who were to follow. The extremism of many of these people appears never to have tempted Mr. Krutch, who insisted only that the balance of nature should include a corresponding balance between men *and* nature.

Still, I expect that Krutch's argument will remain radical enough for many present-day conservatives, particularly the "neoconservatives" and those mainline Republicans who find the George Bush administration to be a satisfactory affair. Here, for instance, is Krutch (in *The Forgotten Peninsula*) contemplating the Western notion of technological "progress," of unlimited economic growth, and the global population explosion:

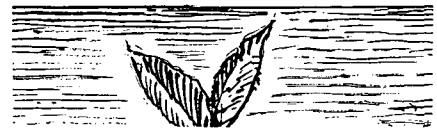
> Being but little versed in political science or sociology, I asked several specialists whether they knew of any attempt even to raise the question how populous, how mechanized, how complicated, and how abundant a society should be if what we want most is not numbers, mechanization, complexity, and abundance for their own sakes but the best life possible for a creature who has the needs, the preferences and the potentialities of the human being. I drew blanks in every instance except one when I was advised to consult Aristotle's "Politics". . . .

In *Grand Canyon* Krutch speculates on the possibility that modern man has indeed "grown" beyond his original affinity with nature, with which he no longer feels a need for either harmony or intercourse. It is true, he admits, that there appears to be mounting evidence for this conclusion, but it is also true that there is almost certain to remain a remnant for whom the presence of nature will be an essential part of their lives. ("The wilderness and the idea of wilderness is one of the permanent homes of the human spirit.") Furthermore: "Does to experience [solitude and quietness] even occasionally provoke thoughts and suggest values not only significant in themselves but likely to provide critical insights into civilization which may influence favorably the course it takes?" And Krutch provides a wonderful quotation from J. Frank Dobie that I had never read before:

> Many times I have taught that the greatest happiness possible to a man—probably not to a woman—is to become civilized, to know the pageant of the past, to love the beautiful, to have just ideas of values and proportions, and then, retaining his animal spirits and appetites, to live in a wilderness where nature is congenial, with a few barbarisms to afford picturesqueness and human relations. According to this ideal civilization is necessary to give man a perspective; but it is otherwise either a mere substitution for primitiveness or else a background to flee from.

Such a man, ideally happy, Dobie concludes, has succeeded in substituting "campfires for ivory towers."

In another respect too, Joseph Wood Krutch was a radical so much in advance of his time as to have put him a little—perhaps only just a little—ahead of our own as well. As his description of the geological creation of the Grand Canyon (*Grand Canyon*, pp. 42-43) makes plain, when man worries about the effects his activities



are producing in nature, it is *his own* future that he is actually concerned for, not the planet's. "The sun also ariseth. . . ." As in the Hemingway novel, the hero in this drama, when the text is perceived from this particular point of view, is not mankind but the earth, which endureth, if not forever, then at least for ever where man himself is concerned. So far as I have read, even the folks at Earth First! have failed to recognize—at least to say—as much. One wonders why, since they should be almost the only people around to find solace in the humanly grim proposition that the Greenhouse Effect theory and its earthly proponents are offering us.

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Russian Soil

by Michael Warder

Siberia on Fire: Stories and Essays
by Valentin Rasputin
Translated by Gerald Mikkelson and Margaret Winchell
DeKalb: Northern Illinois University Press; 252 pp., $30.00 (cloth), $12.50 (paper)

◆

If blood and soil are the stuff of nationalism, what does a Russian patriot do when the soil goes bad? He becomes an environmentalist—at least, this was the response of Valentin Rasputin (no relation to Gregory Rasputin who haunted the ill-fated reign of Tsar Nicholas II). But the Siberian-born Rasputin is more than another policy advocate: David Shipler, the *New York Times* correspondent and author of *Russia: Broken Idols, Solemn Dreams* (1983), has written that Rasputin is "widely considered the most talented writer in the country." That designation is not insignificant in a culture with such a rich literary tradition, yet Rasputin is more, too, than a skilled wordsmith.

Perhaps "mystic" is the best word for him. "Neither the sky beyond the circle of fire nor anything to either side was visible, and the rain made a continuous noise. Sometimes it fell silent for a bit and sometimes it came down hard, and then the fire would hiss even more, resisting the water, shooting the small coals upward in annoyance and murmuring warnings from time to time with angry puffs." This vivid imagery is found in the short story "Live and Love," about a boy's nights during a berry-picking outing on the *taiga* near Lake Baikal in Siberia. The fiction and nonfiction pieces in *Siberia on Fire* all convey Rasputin's almost animistic feelings for nature.

In "What Shall I Tell the Crow" Rasputin describes the creative feelings of a writer who draws sustenance from forest life in the autumn: "Next to me three birch trees were sadly tossing down their leaves just like fortune tellers as they played some game. The air was absolutely still . . ." Gerald Mikkelson and Margaret Winchell, who have turned Rasputin's Siberianized Russian into sharp, uncluttered English, traveled continuously by car with him when he visited the Midwest in 1985; they describe his religious beliefs as a blend of Orthodox Christianity and Siberian shamanism. Rasputin, who plays down a formal commitment to Russian Orthodoxy, has said his philosophy is better characterized as that of old women who live in the small villages. However that may be, his concern with the purity of water in Lake Baikal, or the destructive deforestation taking place in Siberia, has less to do with politics and more to do with man's essential relation to nature.

Another important motif in the works of Rasputin is the idea of Siberia as preserver of Russian culture. In the nonfictional "How Did They End Up In Irkutsk?" and in "Baikal," Rasputin writes of how the Old Believers of the 17th century split with the Westernizers and headed from Moscow to the northern forests, and thence to Siberia. He also points to masterpieces now in the Irkutsk Art Museum that came to reside there when White sympathizers carried them East during the Civil War of 1918-1921. Confronted with a ferociously harsh climate and primitive native cultures, Russian pioneers in Siberia over the last four centuries have held to their culture to survive; and their descendants will undoubtedly draw from these same roots as they free themselves from brutally imposed Soviet communism.

"The Fire" dominates the other stories and essays. Published in 1985, it is an apocalyptic vision of the destruction of the Soviet Union, foretold in the metaphor of an unquenchable fire that breaks out in the food and supply warehouse of a small lumber town. The denizens of this manufactured community have no roots, some having lived formerly in old villages now submerged by the construction of a hydroelectric dam, others having been shipped in from other parts of the Soviet Union. The novella's protagonist, Ivan Petrovich, was a young soldier in the Great Patriotic War. In his grueling effort along with other townsmen to put out the fire, Ivan reveals his despair over the loss of the old ways: "the general unwritten law, the very earth under their feet, had changed into a vestige of the past, into some kind of abnormality and almost into treason." Looting, drunkenness, and violence break out despite the efforts of those who still try to hold onto remnants of the old ways of pulling together to help the village.

The genius of Rasputin and others who have come to be known as the *derevenshiki* (village writers) is to write of events in small towns, rather than discuss matters of political ideology or of grand historical sweep. The censors could not object to a realism that seemed to pose no ideological threat. Yet there is little doubt that Rasputin, especially in *Live and Remember* (1974) and *Farewell to Matyora* (1976), offers a stunning rebuff to Lenin and his heirs who raped the land in the name of progress.

Walter Laqueur (in his book *The Long Road to Freedom* and in the *New Republic*, February 5, 1990), Bill Keller (in the *New York Times Magazine*, January 28, 1990), and others have attempted to link Rasputin with anti-Semitism. Gerald Mikkelson and Margaret Winchell, who are perhaps the leading authorities in America on Rasputin's beliefs, are appalled and outraged by these accusations. There is nothing in Rasputin's literary works that deals with the subject of the Jews, and it would seem that this terrible charge is ill-founded. However that may be, Mikhail Gorbachev surprised many observers by announcing last March that Rasputin would join his presidential cabinet as its then only non-Communist member. Many observers in the Soviet Union believe the position was given to Rasputin in order for Gorbachev to gain support from environmentalists, with whom Rasputin has undisputed credibility.

Michael Warder is associate publisher of Chronicles.

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A Grasp of the Obvious

by Odie B. Faulk

Water and the Future of the Southwest
Edited by Zachary A. Smith
Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press; 278 pp., $32.50

◆

In an attempt to lure immigrants to Arizona in 1881, Patrick Hamilton wrote, "Irrigation is the life of agriculture in the Territory. Without it scarcely anything can be raised; with it the soil is the most prolific in the west. Water, therefore, is the most precious element for the farmer in Arizona." The same was—and is—true of other parts of the desert Southwest.

Those who live in this thirsty region can fully appreciate the sentiment expressed by John Ballantine Gough, who wrote, "Everywhere water is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dewdrop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gems till the leaves all seem to turn to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun; or a white gauze around the midnight moon."

The settlers of this region quickly learned that the scant rainfall is not spread evenly across the year, but rather most of it falls within six weeks to two months. For ten to eleven months a year there are only traces of precipitation in the true desert Southwest. Then come downpours that flood arroyos and river valleys, giving meaning to road signs that warn, "Danger in flood season." In the mountainous parts of the Southwest, most moisture falls as snow during winter months and then melts in spring and summer to feed the two major river systems of the area.

Across this region the early settlers built small dams both for flood control and for irrigation. Larger dams later would be constructed for the concomitant benefit of hydroelectric power. But in their quest for water, the residents of each state soon learned that their neighbors were also searching and fighting for additional water supplies, and that a dam built in one state trapped water that fell as rain or snow in another, or else impounded water that otherwise would flow on to another political jurisdiction. Because most Southwestern rivers crossed state lines, cooperative efforts were necessary in order for all states to get a fair share of what little water was available.

Southwestern pioneers also learned that large dams and huge irrigation projects could be dreadfully expensive, and they searched for deep pockets to pay for these. Despite their posturing as rugged individualists, they quickly turned to the federal government as the source of first resort. Buckey O'Neill, a well-known peace officer and later famous as a leader of the Rough Riders, suggested this solution when the National Irrigation Congress met in Phoenix in 1896—a national irrigation and conservation policy financed by the federal government.

Congressman Francis G. Newlands of Nevada subsequently introduced legislation calling for the national government to use the funds derived from the sale of public lands for the construction of "reclamation" works. The first such dam was built between 1905 and 1911 where Tonto Creek joined the Salt River in central Arizona and, when completed, included power facilities, transmission lines, roads, and canals to valley farms. Through the sale of water, the cost of Roosevelt Dam and its canals was repaid by 1955—one of the few examples of a federal water project that has ever done so.

There followed a rush of dam building on the two major rivers of the Southwest, the Colorado and the Rio Grande—and then a flood of negotiations and litigation to settle the allocation of the impounded water. At times the fight reached comic opera levels, as in 1934 when Governor Benjamin B. Moeur called out the Arizona National Guard to stop federal workers from constructing Parker Dam on the Colorado River.

Eventually all states with a claim to water from the Colorado River signed the Colorado River Compact, just as Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas agreed to the Rio Grande Compact. Complicating negotiations in both instances was Mexico's claim to water from these two rivers, and it became a signatory to both compacts with guaranteed allocation of hundreds of thousands of acre feet of water annually.

Further complicating the struggles about water in the Southwest have been industrialization and urbanization. Arizona's population, mostly urban, has swelled from approximately five hundred thousand in 1940 to some four million today, while greater Los Angeles, which gets drinking water from the Colorado, has expanded beyond liveability. Likewise, Texas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma have been among the fastest-growing states in the nation. Moreover, since World War II, tens of thousands of additional acres have been put under irrigated cultivation, dropping the water table where wells have been drilled and leading to yet more battles with city dwellers for water impounded by dams.

Still another complicating factor is the water rights of Native Americans, many of whom have prior claims, guaranteed by treaty and by court cases, to the water in Southwestern streams and who increasingly are demanding that their rights be recognized. And there are the concerns of environmentalists, some of them legitimate, about the pollution of both surface and underground water by agricultural and industrial chemicals as well as human waste, especially along the border between Mexico and the United States.

Today almost all surface water has been appropriated, and groundwater supplies have been exploited to the point of overuse in all but the most remote areas. Thus increasingly the battle for water is confrontational and litigious as one state fights with another, as cities vie with farmers, as Native Americans on reservations contest non-Indians, as industrial users contend with private consumers for finite supplies, and as environmentalists seemingly want to challenge everyone.

This current study of the search and fight for water in the arid Southwest consists of 14 essays plus a summary of major trends and issues. As in all such multi-authored efforts, the results are of uneven quality, and the work suffers from considerable duplication and some omissions (shortcomings that editor Zachary Smith has recognized and addressed in his introduction). Also, some "experts" reach conclusions opposite from those of other "experts"; for example, John Merrifield in Chapter 11 argues for increased privatization of water management, while Tim De Young and Hank Jenkins-Smith in Chapter 12 refer to privatization as undesirable.

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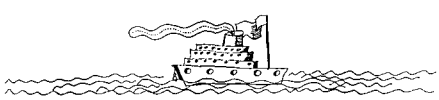
Some of the articles are straightforward and without bias. Richard A. Wehmhoefer does an excellent job of explaining water law in the Southwest and giving the historical precedent for it, as does Albert E. Utton in his study of Mexican-American water relations. Other articles, as one would expect in a book largely written by professors of political science and public administration, are heavily slanted in favor of increased federal bureaucratic management and yet more congressional oversight. Almost all the writers end their chapters with a list of "suggestions" requiring greater government intervention in one form or another. Several of the authors seem to favor a gigantic and expensive federal program of water transfer from as far away as Arkansas and East Texas to the Great Plains of western Oklahoma and the Panhandle of Texas, regardless of the cost, while yet other contributors believe the ultimate solution to Southwestern water problems will be in the courts, with arbitrary division of available water.

This volume has some value. It provides an interesting overview and an introduction to an extremely complicated subject, and it is worthy of attention. I would compliment the 17 contributors for their avoidance of shrill environmentalism, but simultaneously I would urge some special penance be devised for a university press that allows a study such as this to appear without an index.

Smith's book is volume three in the University of New Mexico's Public Policy Series. The editor of this series is Fred Harris, once a semi-serious contender for the Democratic nomination for President and a former senator from Oklahoma. I suggest that Harris probably had not read all these papers when he wrote in his foreword that a primary



goal of the series is to reach not only scholars, students, and policymakers, but also the general public. Despite the subject matter, this volume is dry reading, and few of the general public will try to plow through it.

Odie B. Faulk is emeritus professor of history at Northeastern State University in Oklahoma. He now lives in Waco, Texas.

Open Doors, Open Questions

by William R. Hawkins

Bound to Lead: The Changing Nature of American Power
by Joseph S. Nye, Jr.
New York: Basic Books;
307 pp., $19.95

◆

"Many believe that the country is overextended and should reduce its external commitments. But in a world of growing interdependence among nations, this advice is the wrong answer, and U.S. decline is the wrong question." So Joseph Nye begins his rebuttal of those doomsayers who have welcomed proclamations of America's decline. If the nation's loss of power and economic advantage can be accepted as inevitable or natural, the result of a process beyond control and already irreversible, then its leaders have no choice but to follow the policies of retreat, disarmament, and isolationism. But Nye, the Ford Foundation professor of international security at Harvard, rejects this conclusion and presents a strong case why, by the traditional accounting of "power resources," the United States remains the dominant power on the planet, with no close challengers.

Nye disputes the comparison, made popular by Paul Kennedy, of the U.S. with Edwardian England. Though it ruled a quarter of the globe, England did not have a position as inherently strong as the United States enjoys as a unified continental power. The notion of a *Pax Britannica* is in Nye's view a myth, particularly in regard to the establishment of a global economic order through supposed liberal policies of "free trade": "British gunboats occasionally forced poor countries in what would today be termed the Third World to open their ports to trade. But there is a significant difference between coercing distant, less-developed countries and winning the adherence of major European rivals." The United States, Germany, and Russia all built their economies outside of this liberal system, as indeed England had originally gained its economic advantage under strongly mercantilist precepts. Nye, however, underestimates England's economic strength in the first half of the 19th century by using GNP as the primary measurement. By this unrefined standard Nye has China outranking England until 1880, yet it was England that was carving China into spheres of influence well before this.

Nye does see one disturbing similarity between London then and Washington now:

> So why did Britain decide it could not afford to maintain naval supremacy or an adequate continental expeditionary force? In large part, it was because the adherents of the prevailing economic orthodoxy believed in the negative effects of government spending and they particularly opposed raising income taxes. Here the analogy to modern American politics is striking. The popular belief that Britain was suffering from imperial overstretch . . . caused it not to invest as well as it might have in the domestic and external power resources that could have slowed its decline.

Nye particularly blames British conservatives for adopting these views, though they "disguised that fact by keeping the same slogans" about imperial strength while practicing appeasement. The parallel acquires added meaning given the massive defense cuts proposed by the Bush administration—totaling more than $160 billion by 1994. Entire divisions, air wings, and carrier groups are to be deactivated. With the door to disarmament thus opened, it is no surprise that Congress has walked through with an additional $100 billion in cuts. For all this, three justifications are commonly made: 1) the U.S. cannot afford present force levels given the budget deficit; 2) military spending makes the country less competitive economically; and 3) military force has lost its value in world politics. Nye offers strong rebuttals to all three of them.

The United States is spending less of its GNP, and of the federal budget, on defense now than thirty years ago, and far less than major powers have spent in the past; its debt, moreover, is not so heavy relative to the underlying economy as to warrant a dangerous weakening of national security. Nye argues: "Few careful and balanced economic studies show conclusively that defense

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spending had a significant negative net impact on the economy." Those who cite only Japan as an example of a country exhibiting lower defense spending with higher economic growth as compared to the United States overlook the counterexamples of South Korea (higher defense spending, higher growth) and Western Europe (lower defense spending, lower growth). What is more, "the reduced role of ideology [in the world] does not mean the end of great power politics, nor does it allow states to be indifferent to the military balance of power."

The United States enjoys strong positions across the board, whereas its rivals are afflicted by areas of weakness. The Soviets suffer from a disastrous economy, restive minorities, and a discredited ideology. Western Europe lacks political cohesion and is burdened by expensive welfare systems. Japan lacks natural resources, has no military power, and is overly dependent on trade for its economic health. Rivals can mount challenges in selected areas, but if the United States plays to its strengths, it can prevail. The key word in that sentence is "if."

"America is rich but acts poor," says Nye. American politics "stresses the optimism and innocence of an isolated liberal culture which successively encounters and withdraws from a harsh outside reality," while its government is hobbled by "the eighteenth century liberal view that power is best controlled not by centralization and socialization but by fragmentation." America has long been ineffective in converting its assets into power. Nye believes the *Pax Americana* to have been a myth, citing Herbert Tilema's list of 149 incidents between 1945 and 1972 that might have reasonably provoked U.S. intervention but didn't; they run from such major events as the fall of China and Cuba to violence in Cyprus and the Congo. Ninety-six of them involved communist activity. And in those instances when the United States did intervene, it often failed, as in Vietnam. Washington, Nye concludes, did not win the Cold War in the field; Moscow lost it at home.

In the future, events will be more difficult to manage. Transnational issues (ecology, drugs, terrorism) will require more cunning diplomacy and a more deft manipulation of international organizations (or their replacement, if they are controlled by hostile forces). Economic leverage will be more important, Nye says; and here he is being contradictory. He supports in principle "an open international economy" but his practical examples support neomercantilist policies to maintain America's share of world production, to advance technology, and to avoid becoming vulnerable to trade and financial shocks.

The title of Nye's book is seen finally to be overly optimistic. America *can* lead, and for the sake of world order as well as its own survival it *must* lead; but it remains an open political question whether it is "bound to lead."

William R. Hawkins writes from Knoxville, Tennessee.

Executive Poppycock

by Michael Lind

Ethics, Politics, and the Independent Counsel: Executive Power, Executive Vice 1789-1989
by Terry Eastland
Washington, D.C.: National Legal Center for the Public Interest; 187 pp., $10.95

◆

Terry Eastland, formerly of the Reagan Justice Department, has written a learned book explaining that, according to the Constitution, embarrassing crimes in an administration can only be investigated by prosecutors on a leash held by the President whom those crimes embarrass. Eastland's target is Title VI of the Ethics in Government Act of 1978, which provides for court-appointed independent counsels (special prosecutors) to investigate allegations of wrongdoing by high-ranking executive officers. In the eleven years since the act was passed, there have been at least nine investigations, including those of former Attorney General Edwin Meese III, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, and former National Security Advisor John Poindexter. The statute, which limits the power of the attorney general to remove an independent counsel, originated after the "Saturday Night Massacre" of 1973, when Solicitor General and Acting Attorney General Robert Bork fired Watergate special prosecutor Archibald Cox, who had presumed to request Nixon's White House tapes. (Bork's superiors, Attorney General Elliot Richardson and Deputy Attorney General William Ruckelshaus, had resigned rather than aid Nixon in suppressing the investigation by firing Cox.)

The independent counsel law applies only to members of the executive branch. Eastland sensibly suggests that it be amended, so that independent counsels can investigate wrongdoing in Congress and the judiciary as well. Eastland argues, with some justification, that liberal Democrats in Congress have used the independent counsel law to harass executive officers of whose policies they disapprove.

Eastland's other practical arguments against the statute are less persuasive. Since 1979, the total cost of all independent counsel investigations has been only $20 million. In the past several years alone the Reagan and Bush administrations have reportedly spent $40 million to catch D.C. Mayor Marion Barry smoking crack with his girlfriend, a police stooge. While the Reagan administration burned mountains of tax dollars to catch Barry, "Silent Sam" Pierce, the former secretary of HUD, reportedly gave away up to $8 *billion* worth of contracts and other favors to Republican contractors and allies. The Pierce scandal makes any suggestion that an administration can be counted on to police its own look rather dubious.

Eastland also attacks independent counsels because, after lengthy initial investigations, they sometimes decide not to press charges. "Expect as a result of an investigation—even one that does not result in indictment—some damage to your reputation, more than would have occurred under normal circumstances." Therefore there should be no independent counsels. Because innocent people are sometimes falsely suspected, should no one be prosecuted for murder? "Ordinary citizens do not experience this kind of investigation." Eastland does not believe that high-ranking executive branch officials should be held to higher standards than the taxpayers who pay their salaries. It is difficult for Americans outside of the Beltway,

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however, to weep for the tainted reputations of deputy attorney generals and such, who should find it relatively easy to lick their wounds in big firms in Washington and Wall Street. (At any rate, individuals who are not indicted are reimbursed for all of their legal fees.)

Eastland notes that the independent counsel in the North investigation "persistently tried to subpoena the Canadian ambassador to the United States; although in the end the district court held that his subpoenas violated diplomatic immunity, a great deal of expensive diplomatic china was broken in the process." Once we begin to abolish domestic institutions because they irk the Canadians, where will we stop? There is no check on executive corruption and tyranny that a President cannot characterize as interference with his foreign affairs powers.

Even weaker than these practical arguments are Eastland's constitutional criticisms of the independent counsel statute. But then, few statutes are so obviously constitutional as this. Article II says that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint" federal officers, except that "the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, in the heads of departments." Congress in 1978 thought it proper to vest the appointment of independent counsel, an inferior officer, in the courts of law. End of case. That is what, in effect, the 7-to-1 majority of the Supreme Court, in an opinion written by conservative Chief Justice William Rehnquist, decided in 1988 in *Morrison* v. *Olson*. Only Justice Scalia disagreed, in a dissenting opinion marred by significant errors of historical fact (he relies on the discredited scholarship of Chief Justice Taft in a 1926 opinion about presidential removal power, and he claims that prosecutorial discretion has always been considered an executive prerogative, an assertion true neither for Britain, many of the American states, nor the federal government itself).

Eastland's suggestion that the independent counsel is not an "inferior officer," because the attorney general cannot remove him at will, is too sophistical even to rebut. A more serious constitutional argument holds that the Constitution, through the "executive power" and "take care" clauses of Article II, vests the President with arbitrary and illimitable control over all federal officers. (Not only the independent counsel statute, but the fixed term of the FBI director, violates this royalist ideal.)

Under the kings of Britain, royal governors had often refused to execute the laws of colonial assemblies, or had executed them "unfaithfully." The Article II clause charging the President to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" is a warning to the President to obey the laws passed by Congress, not a grant of arbitrary power to quash any federal investigation he dislikes. Furthermore, the Constitution provides numerous hints that the President's "executive power" does not give him arbitrary control over all federal administration or law enforcement. Why, for example, if the President is master of all executive officers, did the Framers have explicitly to give him this power to "require the opinion in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices"? The impeachment power is another example. Congress can impeach the President or any other federal officer. Finally, of course, the Constitution allows Congress, by law, to assign the appointment of inferior officers to heads of departments or the courts, rather than to the President. In the 18th century, the power of removal was widely thought to be an incident of the power of appointment. Indeed, there would be no reason to permit other officers or courts to appoint federal officials, if the President, by virtue of a plenary power of removal, became their arbitrary master, once they were appointed. You obey the fellow who can fire you, not the fellow who earlier got you the job. However 20th-century judicial activists such as Taft and Scalia have misinterpreted it, the appointment clause makes sense only as a check on presidential removal power.

Case dismissed.

Eastland has tried valiantly to make the weaker appear to be the stronger case. In the final analysis, though, his argument amounts to saying, in fancy language, that Ed Meese can only be investigated by a lawyer who owes his

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continued employment to Ed Meese. Particular features of the independent counsel law can be criticized, especially the fact that it does not apply to Congress. The principle behind the independent prosecutor statute — that the targets of investigations should not control the investigators — is fundamental to the rule of law.

But that is the old conservative learning. The new strict construction, as practiced by born-again Republican fans of the presidency created by Woodrow Wilson and FDR, holds that the constitutional powers of any branch of government that the Republican Party does not control shall be strictly construed as narrow exceptions to the vast, awe-inspiring, and plenary power of whatever branch the GOP *does* temporarily dominate. "There is insufficient appreciation in today's political culture for the origins and delicate character of executive power (not to mention its importance to limited government)," writes Eastland. "Executive poppycock," that great conservative lawyer Sam Ervin once snorted. "Divine right went out with the American Revolution." The cold truth is that no one on the right would spare a moment for hyper-subtle, paradoxical, and farfetched constitutional arguments for illimitable presidential law enforcement powers if we had a Democratic President. One day we will. For that occasion, the Democrats, if they are clever, will keep a library of polemics such as this, with which to taunt their Republican adversaries in Congress.

Michael Lind writes from Washington.

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What American Business Forgot

by Thomas L. Ashton

My Bridge to America
by Sam Kusumoto
New York: E.P. Dutton;
340 pp., $19.95

◆

Ever since the Sony story, in the form of Akio Morita's *Made in Japan*, won a nitch on the best-seller lists, Japanese executives have been turning out memoirs on business success for American audiences. Sadehei Kusumoto's biography, written with the help of Edmund P. Murray, is a chronicle of Minolta's rise from the ashes and the ensuing camera trade wars that ended with a large chunk of domestic American market share in Japanese hands.

The Japanese love Hollywood. Their first films were straight Westerns — only wandering Samurai were cast in the parts normally filled by the Lone Ranger or John Wayne. Those Samurai Westerns are the forerunners of the Japanese business biographies that now appear monthly. And Minolta's Kusumoto isn't content simply to make the connection between the Samurai spirit and business success. He also quotes Gary Jacobson and John Hillkirk's *Xerox: American Samurai* to point out that from 1976 to 1982 the American copier firm saw its worldwide revenues cut in half by Minolta, Canon, Ricoh, and Sharp.

But Kusumoto has another point to make as well. Having grown up in Korea as the son of a Ford dealer, then spending the immediate postwar years in Japan, and having lived now in America for two dozen more years, he wants us to know that Japanese success is more owing to America than to the Samurai spirit. Having visited China on Malcolm Forbes' yacht, the *Capitalist Tool*, Kusumoto can't help but repeat that Japan's biggest debt was run up by what it learned in America. And he knows the irony is the pupil has become the master, with the U.S. now more than in debt to the Japanese.

The causes are familiar ones. The importance of family strength is a strong theme throughout this biography of the president of Minolta's American operation. Kusumoto's marriage was family-arranged, though his wife was free to reject the arrangement. Elitism in education has also paid off for the Japanese, whose executives are recruited from among the nation's brightest men. General MacArthur's occupation shielded domestic Japanese industry from American competition, nourished new and efficient factories built on bombed rubble, and helped control communist labor influence. MacArthur sounds like just what post-*perestroika* Eastern Europe needs.

The Japanese got quality control from Dr. W. Edwards Deming, revered in Tokyo when he was disregarded at home. And marketing, what Kusumoto does best, was learned directly from Americans by hundreds of young Japanese executives in the course of their U.S. tours. Kusumoto came early with a suitcase of Minolta demonstration models that he had to repair nightly in his hotel room. Thirty years ago — Kusumoto's years — "Made in Japan" meant exactly the reverse of what it means now. And what has the American auto industry done about that?

But Kusumoto's analysis goes further. He sees that resource-poor Japan developed an export economy early in its history. The importance of exports is a truth deeply woven into the fabric of Japanese business thinking. It underlies the idea of *keiretsu*, the union of export bank, trading company, and manufacturer that contributes to Japan's export strength. Here, as Kusumoto notes, banks have only recently caught on to the idea of export consulting. Most just prefer to make bad Third World loans. And Kusumoto notes the huge effect of American military spending — over $10 billion — in Japan up to and including the Vietnam war years, in helping back the subsequent Japanese export drive. There is also JETRO, the Japanese government export-promoting agency, the likes of which, as Kusumoto points out, still doesn't exist here. JETRO makes the U.S. Commerce Department look plain silly. Despite all this, Kusumoto still writes: "We learned about exporting from America. Meanwhile, America forgot." Those are the most important sentences in his book.

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Kusumoto would like his fellow native Japanese to remember how things were when the shoe was on the other foot. He'd like the Japanese to open the doors to American rice and other agricultural imports. But he also wants the U.S. to stop ranting about penetrating the Japanese domestic market. That penetration has been accomplished, he notes. But it is also very important to recognize that the Japanese market is not the be-all and end-all some Americans think it is. If Americans learn only one thing from Minolta's success, it should be the need for the U.S. to beat Japan, not *in* Japan, but in newly emerging global markets.

If it is difficult for American businessmen to operate in Japan, as Kusumoto notes, still he finds them significantly absent in the world's established free-trade zones. American importers overwhelm Hong Kong, but not American exporters. "Even in Panama, with its close ties to the United States, the neon signs alone offer convincing evidence that the Japanese traders are much more active than the Americans." American business is still much too slow to adapt to global marketing, says Kusumoto. And he points out that when the weakening dollar curtailed Japanese auto exports by raising the price of Japanese cars sold here, American manufacturers raised prices to make short-term profits, rather than hold the line on prices to recapture lost domestic market share.

According to Kusumoto the U.S. will have a long wait before the Japanese catch up with our cultural sag. Recently, William Emmott of *The Economist*, in *The Sun Also Sets*, predicted a decline in Japanese savings rates and a future dethroning of the global liquidity king. That may not happen. Already rumblings that suggest a repeat of 1930's Japan have been heard. The best way out for the U.S. may well be to listen to Kusumoto's message and recover the commitment of the Yankee traders who opened up the Orient in the first place.

Thomas L. Ashton is president of Dryads Green Associates, a financial consulting firm. His most recent book is Business and the Politics of Economic Responsibility.

Roman Reflections of America

by E. Christian Kopff

America's Rome
by William L. Vance
New Haven: Yale University Press; Vol. I: Classical Rome, 440 pp.; Vol. II: Catholic and Contemporary Rome, 544 pp.; $30.00 each

◆

William L. Vance, of Boston University, had the brilliant idea of describing the relationship of citizens of a new nation to the civilization of a very old city. In the first volume, Vance concentrates on Americans' reactions in literature and art to five important classical sites: the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, the Campagna, the Pantheon, and the art galleries of the Capitoline Hill. In the second volume, he reports Americans' very different reactions to Baroque art and the papacy. He also goes to the American Academy in Rome and describes the works that emerged in this century from that fortress of Americanism on the Janiculum Hill. His style is conversational and lively. Almost every page expresses some vigorous insight or exasperated remark made by the author or his subjects.

This is a book to dip into for its wide-ranging interests and sympathetic insights into America and Americans. The structure, however, is flawed for reasons the author reveals when discussing Francis Marion Crawford's once popular *Ave Roma Immortalis* (1898), which viewed Rome area by area. "By this method of chronology and its implied cause-and-effect developments are necessarily sacrificed to topographical accidents and associations. Consequently, random episodes of the past seem to exist simultaneously on a given spot." Vance's book suffers from the same fault. We begin with William Dean Howells' negative reaction in 1864 and 1908 to a century of adulation of classical Rome. The next page discusses a John Vanderlyn watercolor of 1806. The chapter on the Roman Campagna, full of clever comments on individual paintings and passages of literature, moves from Thomas Cole's paintings of the 1830's and later, to Washington Allston's pictures of the beginning of the century, and then leaps to Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Mar-*

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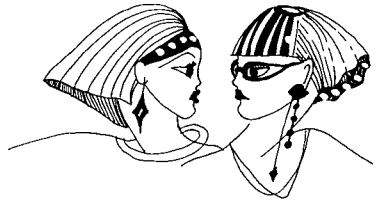

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The Girls Clubs of America has changed its name to Girls Inc., and its motto has changed from "It doesn't matter where a girl comes from as long as she knows where she is going" to the more sobering "Growing up is serious business." Kevin Bellows, who works for the organization's national office in New York, said that the the new name would underscore the group's mission by "moving away from the word 'club,' which suggests exclusivity and recreation." Moreover, the old motto was deemed insufficient in light of the serious pressures facing young people today, and in keeping with the new theme Girls Inc. will now concentrate on how to avoid such things as unwelcome pregnancy, drug addiction, and welfare.

Not all chapters of the Girls Clubs agree with the changes, and they have until 1992 to decide whether to accept them; chapters choosing to retain the old name and slogan would become nonvoting affiliates of the organization. Controversy over organizational names first arose two years ago when the Girls Clubs filed a lawsuit against the Boys Clubs of America Inc., which had decided to change its name to Boys and Girls Clubs of America Inc. to reflect its growing coed membership. The Girls Clubs received $760,000 in an out-of-court settlement and agreed to withdraw its objections.

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ble Faun of the 1850's. This random game of historical hopscotch makes it all but impossible for even the educated reader to see development in our nation's response to Rome.

Topics and personalities are scattered throughout the two volumes. Cole's *The Course of Empire* is discussed in two separate chapters, and we get to see only three of the five paintings. Margaret Fuller's and Nathaniel Hawthorne's very characteristic reactions to Rome are found separated in many chapters in both volumes. Vance returns to Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* and his *Italian Notebooks* again and again, with many insightful comments, but the discussions are so scattered we never end up with a feeling for Hawthorne's vision of the city.

In a rather good chapter on changing American attitudes toward Baroque Rome, Vance tells us that the 19th century ignored the Trevi Fountain. Chapter 16 of *The Marble Faun*, however, mentions that during the day the piazza was "thronged with . . . *Forestieri* [foreigners], who came hither to see the famous fountain." The passage is important for understanding an intelligent American's confused attitude toward the Baroque. At first, Hawthorne condemns "the absurd design of the fountain, where some sculptor of Bernini's school had gone absolutely mad, in marble." The next paragraph begins a careful description of the fountain by noting, "after all, it was as magnificent a piece of work as ever human skill contrived." An important scene in *The Marble Faun* involves a very positive evaluation of Guido Reni's *Archangel Michael Trampling Satan Underfoot*. Vance notes that the last century admired Guido while we do not, but never suggests reasons for the change.

The omission is unfortunate because Vance's discussions of painting are usually excellent. He is less good on sculpture and is very disappointing on the most important sculptor who tried to make Rome's traditions relevant for great American art, Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The important *Diana* which stood atop Stanford White's Madison Square Garden is called "a monumental weathervane," and there is no discussion of the Shaw Memorial, the most important version of the reliefs on the Arch of Titus in modern times, and now known to all viewers of the movie *Glory*.

It is unfortunate but not at all surprising in a work of American scholarship that Vance's knowledge of Latin is nonexistent. He mistranscribes, thereby making nonsense out of the inscription on top of the Arch of Titus, which is his first illustration, and a full-page one at that. He mistranslates the title of Gerome's *Ave Caesar morituri te salutant*. The Americans who came to Rome and were influenced by it in the 19th century knew Latin. Of course, Howells and Mark Twain seem more sympathetic in their mockery. They share the author's ignorance of Livy and Vergil.

Nearly a full page is devoted to Howard Fast's novel *Spartacus*. The words "Marxist," "Communist," and "Stalinist" never pass Vance's lips, but we are told that the book contains "its own vision of a puritanical utopian future." I had never heard Howard Fast called a puritan before, but all is revealed by the bottom of the page. "Fast asserts at one point that a society that finds homosexuality 'normal' also is one that finds the crucifixion of six thousand rebel slaves 'normal.'" Are we to be spared nothing? To fit this in Vance omits all reference to Charles Follen McKim's Pennsylvania Station, America's most important work of public architecture drawn from classical inspiration (the Baths of Caracalla).

The idea behind *America's Rome* is grandiose, a Roman idea. Its faults are those of the Iron Age of the American university in which we are living. Its virtues are those of a cultured mind of ambition and wide sympathies, and for them the reader who knows and loves Rome and America will be grateful.

E. Christian Kopff teaches Greek and Latin at the University of Colorado in Boulder.

LIBERAL ARTS

RAINFOREST CRUNCH

The Amazon rain forest contains a wealth of marketable nuts, roots, fruits, pigments, and oils, says Jason Clay, the research director of a Boston-based organization called Cultural Survival. By creating a market for these items, Clay and other environmentalists hope to discourage the timber industry and ranchers from further deforesting the region while making the rain forest economically productive.

Clay predicts that a dozen products based on ingredients from the Brazilian Amazon will enter the U.S. market by the end of this year. He says we should be prepared for such items as assai-flavored sherbet, cupuacu yogurt, babacu oil, patchouli-root soap, copaiba shampoo, and priprioca perfume.

Clay has also created a nonprofit trading group called the Rainforest Marketing Project, whose leading client is Community Products Inc. of Montpelier, Vermont. Community Products produces a Brazilian-nut candy called Rainforest Crunch, which will become the basis of a new cookie that will go on sale at Macy's and Bloomingdale's later this year. Vermont-based Ben & Jerry's Homemade Ice Cream Inc. is also buying the candy in bulk for their newest ice-cream flavor, Rainforest Crunch. "It's a moral reason to munch," said Ben & Jerry's founder Ben Cohen.

The She-Devil

by Katherine Dalton

Lump It or Leave It
by Florence King
New York: St. Martin's Press;
181 pp., $15.95

Florence King, a/k/a "Fascist Flossie," "Ku Klux King," and "the thinking man's redneck," is the author of *Southern Ladies and Gentlemen*, *Reflections in a Jaundiced Eye*, *Confessions of a Failed Southern Lady*, and a number of other books under her own name and several others. She is infamous, in a South full of unreconstructed Confederate spinster ladies, as one of the few unreconstructed Con-

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federate spinster lady monarchists. She is the kind of eccentric that Southern writers have made careers out of describing, the kind of person you could not possibly make up, and among the few American humorists who are actually funny.

In her novel, her autobiography, her several satires, and this her third book of essays Miss King has touched on topics ranging from Lizzie Borden (with whom she identifies) to FDR (the American monarch) to the unreadability of John Updike to the joys of spinsterhood.

The essays in *Lump It or Leave It* likewise cover a lot of ground, from The Change to higher education to book reviewing. Discussing the Southern honor code of "do right" (as in "You gotta do right, you hear?") she says that "Do Right is the South's Eleventh Commandment, a paradigmatic illustration of what the authors of *The Lonely Crowd* called 'inner direction.'" She has a funny tale of the aggressive appreciation of two devoted fans who loved her autobiographical *Confessions of a Failed Southern Lady* so much they stole every Florence King book they could find from a local library. And in "A Burnt Out Book Reviewer Case" she cracks the perfect and perfectly heartless *Satanic Verses* joke that surely the folks at Waldenbooks wanted to make: "*John Dollar* is a novel by Marianne Wiggins, who is now in hiding because she is married to Salman Rushdie. Allah be praised."

Normally book reviews are filler for an essay collection, but reviewing is one of Miss King's fortes. She shows Joan Didion no more mercy than she showed Wiggins, doing in the novel *Play It As It Lays* by means of the semiautomatic patter of a drill sergeant at "Camp Jejune": "'*Play It As It Lays* is about a girl named Maria Wyeth whose hometown in Nevada has been turned into a missle range. What's that a symbol of? Lemme hear it loud and clear!' 'SIR! THE ARID LANDSCAPE OF THE SOUL, SIR!'"

Miss King discusses abortion and assault and suggests this solution to the latter problem: "All women should be allowed to own a gun simply by virtue of being female. A woman who prefers to conceal her gun in a handbag should be given a carry permit with no questions asked. A woman who is willing to wear her gun in a holster on the outermost layer of her clothing should be allowed to do so without having to bother with permits of any kind. In all cases it should be understood that an armed woman not only has a right to defend herself, but a responsibility to come to the aid of other women as well." Every male friend to whom I've read that passage has winced, but you've got to hand it to the woman: her brand of she-devilry is consistent, which is more than most feminists can boast.

(Should anyone have missed the point, the cover photo is a nice parody of the famous Ian Fleming picture, with Miss King grinning over the barrel of what I take to be a Walther PPS semiautomatic pistol. Early in *Lump It* she relates an anecdote about how two young kids in a bad DC neighborhood cased her but finally decided not to mug this "mean lady." They made the right decision.)

Florence King is an interesting case. She has been extremely frank about her private life, which has been somewhat experimental, and that frankness (along with tales of her former life as a pornographer) has no doubt lost her some readers. But it is also precisely that past of hers — in tandem with her humor — that has given her the public's indulgence to write books that are often tremendously reactionary. And whereas for so many writers this kind of personal frankness is a poor replacement for originality or wit or intelligence, for Miss King independent-mindedness in one area ties in nicely with independent-mindedness in all other areas. She is worth reading because she is funny. But what is best about her is that she will say what she thinks, and in a country in which free speech does not really exist, fewer and fewer people, especially writers, have the simple guts to indulge themselves in the luxury of speaking their mind. In the richest country in the world plain-spokenness is the one thing we cannot afford. Florence King's grit is her best quality.

Katherine Dalton is the managing editor of Chronicles.

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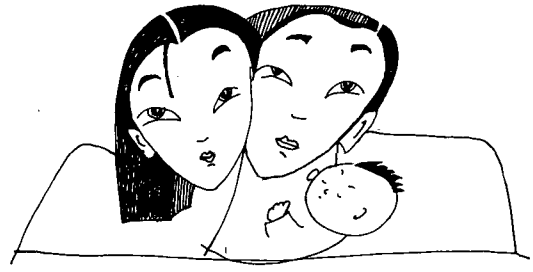

A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE!

The State Department ruled last May that a Chinese couple who fled their country's forced abortion policy qualify for refugee status, clearing the way for them to receive political asylum. They are the first known cases to test President Bush's November 30, 1989, directive that grants asylum to people fleeing forced sterilizations or abortions in their native countries.

Li Jin Lin, a 37-year-old machinist, and his wife Wang, 34, left their hometown of Fuzhou in 1989 when Wang became pregnant with the couple's second child. Chinese law limits most families to one child and requires women who conceive again to undergo abortions. The couple paid smugglers in Canada about $1500 apiece to get into the United States illegally, but the INS caught them in Albany. Wang was allowed to remain in this country because of the advanced state of her pregnancy; Li was deported to Canada.

Li, with a nephew, tried again to cross the border last October, but they were arrested at the International Peace Bridge in Buffalo. They were released from jail after Mr. Bush's directive and after they had agreed to a plea bargain on the illegal-entry charge. The Lins are reportedly working in restaurants in New York City.

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Letter From the Southwest

by Stephen J. Bodio

At the Golden Spur

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It was Saturday, the day before Earth Day in the Golden Spur Bar in Magdalena, and one of our always-informal meetings of DUCA and DUWA was in progress. That is, three cowboys (Drunken Underemployed Cowboys' Association) and I (substitute "Writers'" for "Cowboys'") were drinking tequila shots and Coors, and doing what, other than rewarding but underpaid work, we do so well and often: complaining. We had all had it with the week's flood of sentimental pieties, culminating with a TV report of how a "Native American"—a Navajo from the big reservation—was going to give the "invocation" for the ceremonies in Albuquerque tomorrow.

"You want to see overgrazed land?" asked Wade Dixon. It was a rhetorical question, and we all shook our heads and downed shots. "Steve, you're a writer. You write about nature. You know some of these sons-of-bitches. What do they *want*?"

I couldn't answer, really. The recent years—say, since the first Earth Day—have so polarized what was once a much broader conservation consensus than the nouveau eco-radicals will ever admit, that there seems to the casual observer to be no common ground at all. And I would submit that this split, consciously engineered by the greenie left, is going to provide both the greatest danger and perhaps the greatest opportunity for the traditional (or if you prefer, the "conservative") conservationist through the next decade and beyond.

I live in southwestern New Mexico, one of the two least populated quarters of the state, far from the characterless sprawl of Albuquerque and the godawful L.A. yuppie New Age glitch of Santa Fe. It's mostly grazing land, small "deeded"—privately owned—ranch bases surrounded by vast tracks of national forest and Bureau of Land Management holdings, much of which is leased for grazing. The ranchers, a mix of Spanish, "Texan" Anglo, Basque, and Italian families, came in the 1870's, 80's, and 90's, when Apaches and grizzlies and Mexican wolves still roamed. Most of the families who hold land here now can trace their ancestry to this time. It's no land for absentee ownership by rich Texans—it's far too dry and cold and inhospitable for tax-shelter types and weekend ranchers to pay it much attention.

A lot of the first settlers did hit the land hard. The grizzlies and wolves passed away about the time that Aldo Leopold was working here in the 1920's, and few at the time mourned their passing. (Though one who did was the pioneer rancher and great hunter Montague Stevens, a one-armed English expatriate who wrote in 1943, at the end of a long life: "feeling that I had already had my full share of them, from that time on, I became a zealous convert to their preservation, to protect a noble animal from becoming extinct.")

But the ones that stayed had to learn how to treat the land well, to limit their cows, to care for the grass. Although the Earth-Firsters complain that they treat the land "as though they owned it," this may be the exact reason why that, in general, they do treat it well. There is no "tragedy of the commons" effect here, unlike on the communally grazed moonscape of so many Indian reservations. The ranchers knew that if they abused the land they'd starve, or have to sell out and leave it behind. Attitudes toward predators were not originally so "enlightened." But the ranchers under 40 years of age, raised in a time when guiding sport hunters and the influence of *real*—that is, wise-use rather than hands-off—conservation education have had their effect, take a different stance. Or did. And this is just the split that worries me.

Consider a few stories.

Sissy Olney is in her 30's, and was the first woman in America to become a brand inspector. She holds, in her own name, the third oldest brand in New Mexico. She is no modern feminist, despite the fact that she's one of the best cowboys I know. She's a happily married mother of two, a devout Catholic, and the direct descendant of the founder of the Pound Ranch, a Swiss-Italian named Joe Ginera who came here in the 1890's. Her family has lived in the same spot for four generations, and managed the land wisely. She can show you where the bobcats den and the peregrines nest, and can tell the difference between a diamondback and a Mojave rattler by counting the scales between their eyes and their lips. A few weeks ago she heard that one of her stock tanks—above-the-ground metal structures that provide water for wildlife as well as for cows—was leaking. Apparently shooting holes in tanks is an activity advocated by Earth First. She found a sign nearby that said "Welfare Ranchers Go Home."

She sits in the bar and says "Go home *where*?"

Wade Dixon is an ironic and well-educated cowboy, of a family that's been in the area about as long as Sissy's. He is not shy about expressing his opinions. This Saturday the subject of spotted owls comes up. "What do you figure owl tastes like?" he says. "Let's have us an owl hunt." Recently somebody brought up the subject of wolf reintroduction. I braced for an argument, since I do believe that a reasonable number of the old carnivores brings life to the range. To my surprise, so did he. "Hell, bring 'em on in. Long as we can shoot the ones that cause problems, they belong here too."

The Fish and Wildlife Service came up with a plan to introduce the Mexican subspecies in the vast White Sands missile range just to the southwest. The ranchers didn't object, as long as they were assured that problem animals could be eliminated.

But the Mexican wolf is an endangered subspecies, and there is no provision in the Endangered Species Act for

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doing away with stock killers. I don't know if this hurdle could have been overcome or not, but in fact the project never got off the ground. A group of local greenies testified that if the wolves were introduced they would go to court to stop all testing on the range, on the grounds that it might affect the wolves. They also indicated that they might enter the range to protest. The commander of the range, quite understandably, withdrew his support for the wolves.

* * *

There are problems inherent in public grazing. Right now, the costs of leasing are held below market value by the government. But then, they were set there a long time ago, and none of the ranchers I know are doing any better than just getting by. Unless you are an absolute economic determinist—and, although I like them better as people, purist libertarians sometimes make me as nervous as Marxists do—you have to see some conservative value in conserving people, and a way of life. I'd hate to see the right become as *selectively* reverent for life as the greenies have.

And the best solutions to conserving the western lands and this quality of life that some of us prefer to that on the coasts are coming from innovative free-market and conservative thinkers. Such ideas and programs will always be opposed by urban environmentalists who think all humans and all traditional human activities such as ranching and hunting are evil. I once took issue in print with the late Edward Abbey—a writer who before fame and alcohol and Earth First college readings got between him and his old sympathies with the people of the backcountry, wrote some of the finest books about the West ever done—over this issue of ranching. He wrote that he wanted "real animals, real game, real protein: elk, buffalo, pronghorn antelope, bighorn sheep, moose." But he also opposed "sport" hunting.

I replied in part: ". . . how, Ed? How do we get there from here? Throw the ranchers off the range? Kill the cowboys? . . . Surely no old anarcho-liberal like yourself would advocate uprooting people who have been here for three generations and forcing them to live in Phoenix or Billings or Albuquerque. . . . Maybe we could encourage them to set aside some land for wildlife, instead of filling it with cows . . . Maybe we would let them charge for letting parties onto their land. To—I'm trying to talk some sense here, Ed—to charge for *hunting*. . . . These folks were here before me. And by the way, didn't you come from Pennsylvania?"

Abbey was in his last days then, and never replied, but I think he would have had some idea of what I meant. His cult doesn't.

* * *

We're back in the Spur, having discussed all this, brooding. Wade gets the bartender's eye. "Get this Yankee book-writing son-of-a-bitch another José. I want to make a toast." We get our lime, clink our glasses, and Wade says "To the Earth. But not to Earth Day, and *never* to Earth First."

Stephen J. Bodio is a freelance writer, originally from New England, who has lived in the Magdalena area for ten years. He is a contributing editor to Gray's Sporting Journal, *and has written four books, two of which,* Aloft *and* Querencia, *are being published this summer.*

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

A Mess of Greens

◆

When my secesh batteries need recharging, as they do every once in a while, I go hang out with someone like my Alabama friends Ward and Peggy. When I visited them last April, we went on a pilgrimage to the First White House of the Confederacy. As we floated down the Interstate in their splendid old Lincoln (which they call a "Davis," of course), Ward told me about a recent Right to Life march. Several thousand Alabamians gathered in Montgomery, arrayed themselves around the statehouse where Jefferson Davis took the oath of office, and sang—the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Oh, well.

On the evening of Earth Day a group of us gathered at Ward and Peggy's to recycle some pig. My wife and I had spent the day driving around eastern Alabama and parts of west Georgia, and I'd seen no indication in Columbus or Opelika that anyone was especially lathered about the fate of the planet. Certainly there was nothing to compare to the Yankee and California celebrations depicted at tedious length on cable television. Eufaula and Tuskegee, West Point and Auburn—all had seemed about equally unconcerned on that sunny spring day, and the lack of enthusiasm extended to our supper table. When I mentioned Earth Day, there were some groans, a joke or two, and then a change of subject. I began to wonder: why this Southern disdain for the modern American version of environmentalism?

Yeah, sure, there are New Age, pantheistic, love-your-Mother environmentalists in the South. They tend, though, to be found in Yankeefied enclaves, or as isolated village cranks. A rock band called the B-52s, for instance, collect money for Greenpeace and for animal-rights groups at their shows. But they come from the college town of Athens, Georgia; anyway, they recently moved

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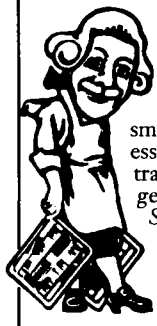

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to upstate New York (where I'm sure their vegetarianism will be easier to sustain than in a great barbecue town like Athens).

It's not that traditional Southerners don't care about the natural environment. Take a look sometime at the almost lyrical portrait of man as predator presented by a magazine called *Southern Outdoors*. Ward introduced me to that marvelous repository of traditional woodcraft and nature lore, noting that the magazine's ads tend to be for expensive, high-tech, productivity-increasing gadgets like electronic fish-finders, an ironic juxtaposition he especially savored.

Anyway, a number of public opinion polls show that there really is right much pro-conservation sentiment in the South, and so does the recent success of a country song called "Pass It On Down," by the group Alabama. But what's out there is just that, sentiment—a sort of anticipatory nostalgia not anchored to much inclination to do anything. When it comes to practice, we Southerners lag behind. At best we seem to echo, feebly and suspiciously, slogans that originated somewhere else.

That's sad, because if you're looking for antecedents for today's environmentalism, for its suspicion of technology, its anti-rationalism, anti-speciesism, and all the rest, you could do worse than to look at some Southerners. As Ed Yoder suggested twenty years ago in an essay called "The Greening of the South," the old-fashioned Twelve who wrote *I'll Take My Stand* had some strangely modern things to say on the subject.

I should say that no less an authority than Andrew Lytle, the last surviving contributor to that volume, disowns the connection. In a 1983 interview Lytle accused today's ecological activists of sentimentalism and statism, and denied that he and his friends were guilty of either. But I think his memory was playing tricks on him.

Certainly some of the Agrarians were less anti-statist than others. Frank Owsley's essay "Pillars of Agrarianism," in particular, advocated legislation that one critic called "Kremlinesque." And while no one has ever called Lytle a sensitive New Age guy (a "snag," as we call them around here), I think the young man may have been more sentimental than the old one lets on. Lytle denies, for example, that the Agrarians would have given a damn for the snail darter. But they weren't polled in 1930, and some of them had at least the premises for getting excited about obliterating part of God's Creation.

Consider a passage from the book's introduction. Under industrialism, John Crowe Ransom wrote, "We receive the illusion of having power over nature, and lose the sense of nature as something mysterious and contingent." Or how about this, from Ransom's own essay: "Industrialism is a program under which men, using the latest scientific paraphernalia, sacrifice comfort, leisure, and the enjoyment of life to win Pyrrhic victories from nature at points of no strategic significance." And listen to Lytle himself, calling for "a proper respect and a proper regard for the soil"—not a mere metaphor. Lytle even sounded like some of today's more apocalyptic environmentalists when he predicted "a moral and spiritual suicide, foretelling an actual physical destruction."

It would be wrong to extract these views from their religious underpinnings, from the more general piety, more or less orthodox, in which they were embedded—or, more accurately, with which they were entangled. (If anything, true religion seems to depend on proper environmental views.) Here's Ransom again: "There is possible no . . . sublimity of religion, which is not informed by the humble sense of man's precarious position in the universe." Or again: "Religion is our submission to the general intention of a nature that is fairly inscrutable; it is the sense of our role as creatures within it." Take that seriously, and the implications put you in some strange company today.

Fifty years later, Lytle said that he and his colleagues believed that nature "was mysterious and to be respected, and we took time to examine it in the world and in ourselves. . . . We knew that land is built up only slowly, and it can waste away in no time at all if not properly tended." Lytle also observed in 1983 that "Our attitude toward nature was part and parcel of the kind of life we wanted to preserve. You would naturally not destroy the things by which you made your living."

Now, this may have been true enough for the Agrarians themselves. But they sometimes implied that they were articulating the Southern tradition, and any implication that Southern farmers have been something like instinctive ecologists—well, it reminds me of what a friend calls the "Cronon Indians," a mythical tribe of happy precapitalists who inhabit the pages of William Cronon's book *Changes in the Land*. Call what the Agrarians wrote a trope, if you want to save it, but as an empirical description of Southern agriculture it is, alas, nonsense. Southern agriculture in 1930 wasn't just slash and burn, it was rape and pillage.

Of course, you can explain this by economic necessity. The South's system of cotton tenancy reinforced the biblical injunction to take no thought for the morrow; at least in that respect the applied agrarians of the South were good Christians. But there's more to it than that. Ransom's characterization of industrialism as "the latest form of

LIBERAL ARTS

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, A WINO?

First-grade readers of *Little Red Riding Hood* have more to fear than the Big Bad Wolf, say school officials in Culver City, California: it's the wine in Little Red's basket.

Last May the assistant superintendent for instruction, Vera Jashni, banned Trina Schart Hyman's award-winning version of the classic Grimm's fairy tale from the students' recommended supplemental reading list because the heroine has wine in the basket of goodies she brings to her ailing grandmother. According to Ms. Jashni, this gives youngsters "the wrong impression about alcohol." School board member Robert Knopf added that "a nice thing like cookies and cakes" would have been preferable to a "basket of wine."

Not all teachers agreed. Gina Grawe, a teacher at Linwoon Howe Elementary School, organized a daylong protest to fight the ban. Pictures of Little Red were worn on the shoulders of the protesting teachers. "I'm sure someone could find something objectionable in any book," said Grawe. "There's drinking in *Tom Sawyer*."

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pioneering and the worst" brings to mind another Southerner who wrote about the pioneering mentality, but who saw it as especially characteristic of rural Southerners.

In *The Mind of the South*, W.J. Cash described white Southerners' frontier-style individualism, nurtured by the frontier itself, then by the plantation and Reconstruction. Cash drew compelling pictures of the planter "wholly content with his autonomy and jealously guardful that nothing should encroach upon it," of the poorer whites "as fiercely careful of their prerogatives of ownership, as jealous of their sway over their puny domains, as the grandest lord," and of the whole crowd displaying "intense distrust of, and, indeed, downright aversion to, any actual exercise of authority beyond the barest minimum essential to the existence of the social organism."

In the South, the great impediment to effective environmentalism or even conservation has not been indifference to open spaces, the wonders of nature, and the works of God, but this ethic, which says that what a man does with what is his is no concern of yours, and certainly not the government's. Southerners suspect that Lord Melbourne was right when he observed that people who say something must be done generally contemplate doing something damned silly—and these days it's usually something that expands the power of the state at the expense of individuals and their families.

Two generations after Cash, another Southern journalist described the same attitude, as it has persisted to the present day. "For all the American encroachments," Roy Reed wrote in the *New York Times*, the South is

> inhabited and given [its] dominant tone by men—and women who acquiesce in this matter—who carry in their hearts or genes or livers or lights an ancient, God-credited belief that a man has a right to do as he pleases. A right to be let alone in whatever plain of triumph he has staked out and won for his own. A right to go to hell or climb to the stars or sit still and do nothing, just as he damn well pleases, without restraint from anybody else and most assuredly without interference from any government anywhere.

As Hank Williams Jr. puts it, "A country boy can survive." Charlie Daniels adds: "If you don't like the way I'm living, just leave this long-haired country boy alone."

Now, ordinarily I admire this attitude, even share it to a degree. As Roy Blount said once, I wouldn't want to live in a place where there aren't bullet holes in the road signs. But Roy Reed spelled out the distressing implications:

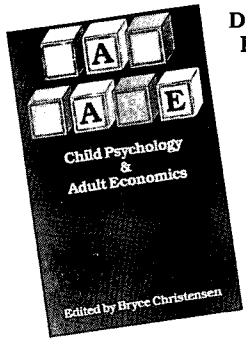
> It is no accident that the most determined hold-outs against land-use legislation in the United States are country people from the South. They will take care of their own land, and let the next man take care of his. If the next man puts in a rendering plant or a junkyard, that is his business.

Does it come down to a choice between a society where free spirits blight the landscape and poison each other, or one where the state tells sullen but healthy serfs what they must do? I hope not, and it's good to see libertarians and other anti-statists turning their attention to this problem at last. Lord knows I have no answer, but if there is one, I suspect that private organizations like the Nature Conservancy and Ducks Unlimited will play an important part. Let me close with a story that illustrates the kind of cultural jujitsu that can sometimes get you somewhere.

A friend of mine used to live about forty miles north of here. Each deer season his 70 acres became a free-fire zone. Scores of hunters roamed his land (as they'd always done before he owned it), firing high-powered rifles at just about anything that moved. Fearing for the lives of his dogs and family, he posted "No Hunting/No Trespassing" signs time and again, only to see the hunters riddle them.

Then inspiration struck. He posted signs that said "Osmond Hunt Club. Members Only." An eerie calm settled on his place, broken only by the sound of his doorbell as a steady stream of very polite hunters stopped by and asked to join. He says he put them all on the waiting list.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where the road signs are disturbingly intact.



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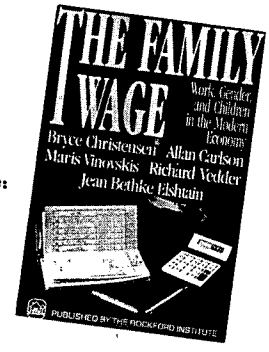

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Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

The Big Dusty

A friend says her secret wish is for some very *old* distant relative, who she's never met and won't miss, to die and leave her a fortune. Waiting for rain this summer is a lot like that—only less realistic.

In what threatens to be our third virtually rainless summer, I watch the ten o'clock news religiously, waiting for the weather. We pop a cork over hundredths of an inch 100 miles east of here, 60 miles west, just across the river, in a backyard on the south edge of town. When we're lightly splattered on our back porch (it doesn't happen often) we pick up what we're doing, rush inside—and a dozen drops disappear in the dust. We feel guilty deep-watering our young trees, but haven't been ordered to stop yet. We wait as long as possible in the spring to start helping our lawn along, and feel even more guilty about that.

People who have never lived in a rural area, or even in a *city* in a rural area, have a hard time imagining how anyone but farmers and ranchers are hurt by a drought. (Two early-morning New York City TV news show co-hosts were kvetching recently because the city received 2½ inches of rain one day and was due for more the next.) The truth is that even New York, Miami, and Los Angeles will feel the crunch if the Midwest and Great Plains don't get some rain soon. When there is no rain, crops don't grow, which means many things: (1) people who *eat* food, a group that includes most of us, have less of a selection; (2) the food that *is* available costs more because it's more scarce; and (3) there's less grain to feed livestock, who are slaughtered younger, forcing up the price of meat. Range-fed livestock often run out of food, too, after several dry years, and must be shipped elsewhere to graze, or slaughtered prematurely, either of which forces up the price. Everyone spends a little less, because from the seed dealers to the business-owning public, less money is coming in.

The economic downturn during a bona fide drought makes people just plain cranky. According to some experts, the incidence of spouse and child abuse is higher during a serious drought than it is even during a long winter of stir-crazy isolation. We don't, as a rule, have many murders or muggings in most parts of this region—a purse snatched from an elderly woman outside a Bismarck bingo parlor made the front pages statewide—but during a drought psychologists and counselors see an increase in patients who are having marital problems as a result of their money problems, or who are simply depressed. During an average day there may be little pockets of lightheartedness, to be sure, but the basic mood is one of suffocating lethargy.

A drought makes it hard to have fun. If there is a severe danger of fire, all kinds of camping and hiking are discouraged, if not actually banned. Fourth of July fireworks are outlawed. Lakes dry inward from the edges, leaving swimmers and boaters nothing but scum. Huge, man-made, 180-mile-long Lake Sakakawea in North Dakota, formed in the 1950's when the Corps of Engineers dammed the Missouri River 50 miles north of Bismarck, was released a little at a time last summer by the Corps. So was Lake Oahe in North and South Dakota. Why? So that *Mississippi River shipping* could continue (there's virtually no Missouri River shipping). Owners of cabins and resorts on Sakakawea were forced to extend or move their boat docks inward more than 100 feet in some cases—and the systematic drainage continues this year.

T. Mycek

(In addition to downriver flood control, one putative advantage put forth to North Dakotans for the 1950's construction of the Garrison dam, which pooled Lake Sakakawea over hundreds of thousands of acres of prime farmland, was the provision of cheap, easy water for irrigation. Said irrigation never became a reality, and now, faced with also losing recreation, fishing, and tourism on the lake, North Dakotans are ticked off enough to start a hopeless lawsuit, with other upriver states, against the Corps. North Dakota Attorney General Nick Spaeth is reported to have said that while he couldn't *encourage* people to revolt and take over Sakakawea from the Corps, if it happened, those involved could expect a full pardon from him. And former South Dakota Governor Bill Janklow has said that he'd rather fight *nature* than the Corps, because once in a while it's possible to get *God* to change His mind. . . .)

Last December 5, huge and rather frightening percentages of North Dakota voters defeated measures that would have increased the state sales tax, gas tax, and income tax. At the same time, they defeated measures for video gambling, "health" education, a fine for not using car safety belts, retirement benefits for state legislators, and—amazingly, given the understandable "leave us the hell alone" vote on all the rest—the reorganization and streamlining of state government, which "The People" wanted but apparently thought they could accomplish more effectively as a 650,000-member task force. Popular wisdom (from the groups who had supported all or some of the measures) had it that "The People" put their collective foot down solely as a result of several discouraging drought years, not because they were fed up with government meddling. Immediately after the election, many North Dakotans thought they could read the handwriting on the wall and started talking about leaving the state and looking for a job in Minneapolis/St. Paul or Denver. My husband and I thought about it, briefly, ourselves. A tangle of *official*, hurriedly formed "task forces" has begun to look at ways to rejuvenate the state, but most folks who have chosen to stay here say all our problems would clear up if we just got a little rain, and they're probably right.

Jane Greer lives in Bismarck.

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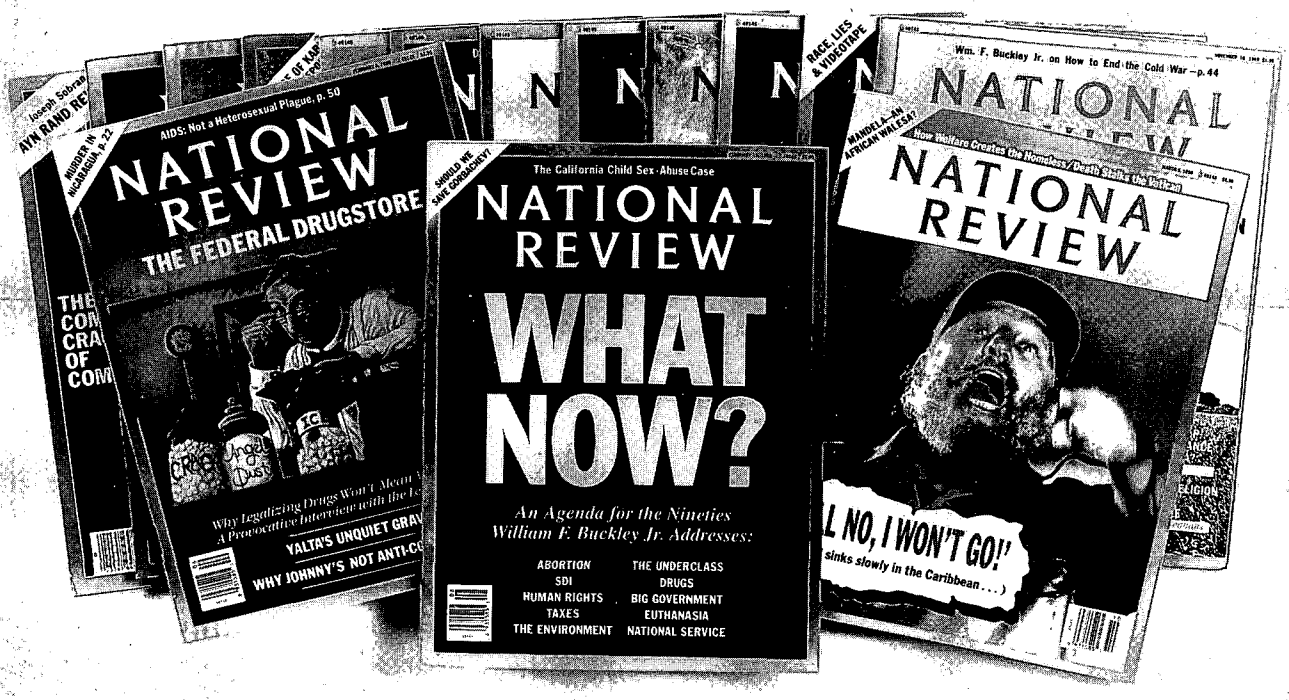

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MUSIC

Jeanne Berg

This Land Is My Sunshine

by Janet Scott Barlow

I know three people (and if I alone know three, there must be more of them out there) who think "This Land Is Your Land" is a country song—and one of the three sings it to the tune of "You Are My Sunshine." Now, it's a fact that Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs once recorded "This Land Is Your Land"; and it's true that the result was country music. But that says nothing about the song itself, because Flatt and Scruggs would have made "Everything's Coming Up Roses" result in country music ("Curtain up, light the lights . . ." Give it the high lonesome, boys).

This kind of self-expanding discussion can obsess country music fans. ("Okay," they say to one another, "if you couldn't have it all in one package, would you rather hear Tony Bennett singing 'Cold Cold Heart' or Willie Nelson singing 'Stardust'?") It can also bore the socks off of everyone else. So I guess it's no surprise that my three friends, who are anything but obsessed about this subject, take a sweeping approach. They assume that any song with lyrics about highways and forests and golden valleys—or any melody that can be confused with "You Are My Sunshine"—just naturally has some connection *someplace* to the musical sensibilities of, say, Hank Williams. Talk about cultural illiteracy. The fact is, Hank Williams would not have written or sung "This Land Is Your Land," because Hank Williams was busy doing what the creation of "Cold Cold Heart," "Your Cheating Heart," and "I Can't Help It If I'm Still In Love With You" required: he was going all to hell over Miss Audrey.

I guess there is a certain logic behind the assumption that music that originated largely with and for people of the land must include celebrations of the land. But it really isn't so, and the evidence that it isn't extends far beyond the musical legacy of Hank Williams. If you leave out all the songs about the old homeplace (which are actually songs about Mama, which means their real subject is guilt) and forget the tributes to the hills of Kentucky, Tennessee, Carolina, and "Virginny" (which, past their titles, are usually guilt-ridden tributes to Mama), you are left with little in country music, except maybe a few cowboy songs, that even resembles a celebration of the land.

The Miss Audreys of the South aside, why this dearth of "land music"? Maybe it's because people close to the land—farmers, migrants, miners—while historically given to songs about on-the-job misery, are no more inclined than dentists or shoe salesmen to musically immortalize their actual place of business. Maybe it's because country music abandoned even the quasi-land subject matter—the home-Mama-Virginny stuff—after the northward migration of rural Southern populations following World War II. (How many country boys wanted to hear "Mother's Not Dead, She's Only Sleeping" in a Detroit tavern on a Friday night after a week on the assembly line at the local GM plant?) Or maybe it's just because country music attaches itself securely only to very large or very narrow themes: human sorrows, remorse, and yearning; good-timing, two-timing, and drinking.

The real references to the land in country music are to the land "on the other side"—the promised land, the celestial shore, glory land (the proper country pronunciation of which is *glow-ry land*, just as the proper pronunciation of *on* is *own*, and this is one of the reasons it's such fun to listen to country gospel singers—they are always "heading own to glow-ry").

My very first musical memory is of a song about this other land, the land of promise. My father had a recording of "Camping in Canaan's Land" by Charlie Monroe, Bill's brother. Long before I was old enough to understand that the song's references were biblical, I had heard it countless times and had only two thoughts about it: I loved it, and it gave me the creeps. It is a gift to sound mystical while singing at breakneck speed, to set feet a-tapping while minds are seized by spectral human sounds and unearthly lyrical images. The Monroe brothers had that gift. On "Camping in Canaan's Land," old Charlie, just as fast as he could manage it, sang of traveling "far over hills and valleys and across the desert sands" to a place of "wondrous beauty grand." That was about all I could understand, but it was enough to give me a most pleasant case of the shivers.

I've spent years trying to untangle all the words to "Camping in Canaan's Land," and have even gone so far as to apply my mind to a Ralph Stanley rendition of the song. That was an especially pointless exercise, because anyone familiar with bluegrass music knows that if you are trying to decipher one of the Monroe brothers you don't turn to Ralph Stanley, who can sing faster (*and* slower) than any human being alive. This is what Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys have in common with heavy metal groups: when the uninitiated first hear the performance of either, they invariably blurt, "What on earth are they *saying*?"

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That doesn't mean you can't sing along with bluegrass if you want to. Just spot yourself *own* and *glow-ry* and take your best shot. Another song I heard over and over as a child was Flatt and Scruggs' "I'll Just Pretend," which starts out, "You spurned the love I gave you, darlin'." Until I was 12 years old I thought they were singing "You burned the goose I gave you, darlin'," and the funny thing is, I was unfazed when I learned of my mistake. Whether they (and I) were singing of spurned love or burned geese, Flatt and Scruggs were aces with me. Many years later, there would be similar instances of misunderstanding when my children encountered bluegrass music. But unfortunately, the outcome would be much different.

Early on, one of my minor goals as a mother was to instill in my children a love of country music. Part of my motive was affection. There was pleasure, and more, to be had in the music, and I intended to give it to my children as a gift. I was also motivated by a particular kind of vanity. I wanted to be able to look up from my ironing and think: mine are the only kids in the neighborhood who know who Miss Audrey was. (No cultural illiterates in my house.)

Well, I tried, and my record is now a shaky one-for-two. My son likes some country music; my daughter loathes all of it. And neither of them gives a fig about Miss Audrey. I know now what I didn't know then: force-feed kids too many Bill Monroe songs and country legend stories and there's at least a 50 percent chance they'll turn on you.

For a while, though, my results were spectacular. By the time she was two and a half, my daughter could sing most of Jimmie Rodgers' repertoire, complete with yodels, and you haven't lived until you've heard a two-year-old sing "Train Whistle Blues."

But things went downhill from there, and I knew I had lost her for good when she was about nine. She and her brother and I were riding in the car one day, and Ricky Skaggs' "Don't Get Above Your Raising," an old bluegrass number, was playing on the radio. Before I realized what was happening, it was the spurned love/burned goose problem all over again. Based on Skaggs' diction, my kids thought he was singing of dried fruit—raisins. When I explained what the song was about, my son laughed, but my daughter said, "That's stupid. If he means 'raising,' he shouldn't make people think he's talking about raisins." Like me as a child, my daughter hadn't understood what she was hearing; unlike me, she did not find this situation intriguing. As far as she was concerned, country music was designed to make her seem dumb—and she wasn't the least interested in seeming dumb. Case closed.

Looking back, I realize it wasn't all my fault. The failure of my country music plan for my kids can be attributed in part to the simple fact that I was forced to work alone; that is, I got no help from my husband. When our children were small, my husband would jump up at the first sound of country music, then stomp his foot, hold his nose, and sing "twang-twangy-twangy" over and over again. I found this performance unimaginative in the extreme; however, it's the kind of thing that is a surefire hit with kids, especially when their daddies do it. But when you once taught your children—as babies, in their *cribs*—all the words to "Waiting for a Train" (*with yodels!*), it can break your heart to hear them yelling, "Dad! Do your twangy stuff again!"

Today I am still trying to figure out the words to "Camping in Canaan's Land." My husband is still making his lame jokes (while secretly playing Patsy Cline tapes in his car, and I can't figure out whether this makes him a hypocrite or a convert). My son listens to Randy Travis but "not to anything with 'Boys' in their name," by which he means the great bluegrass bands—the Foggy Mountain Boys, the Clinch Mountain Boys, the Blue Grass Boys, etc. Yes to Travis; no to Monroe; my son gets the general idea but misses the point. It's like ordering a chili dog and saying, "Hold the chili."

And my daughter? Well, she is nearly grown up and has a desire to see the world. And this brings up one of my favorite fantasies. My daughter is in Europe—Paris, maybe—and she is riding in an elevator, when suddenly she hears the sound of vaguely familiar music drifting through the headphones of a fellow passenger's Walkman. And right there on that elevator, wearing Italian shoes and surrounded by Frenchmen, my daughter feels her eyes well up as her mind floods with the thought: my home, my mother, my . . . *raisin'*!

Is the song on the Walkman "This Land Is Your Land"? Get serious—the girl has been brought to tears. Far, far from suburban Cincinnati, far from the golden shopping malls and verdant Little League diamonds of home, my daughter is hearing the words of Jimmie Rodgers, the words she herself sang as a babe:

My pocketbook is empty
My heart is filled with pain
I'm a thousand miles
away from home
Waiting for a train . . .

But the part that really gets to her is the yodel.

Janet Scott Barlow writes from Cincinnati.

COMMONWEAL

Jeanne Berg

The Politics of Acid Rain in Canada

by Kenneth McDonald

Until this year, acid rain was rarely front-page material in Canada, though a Parliamentary Special Committee on Acid Rain did solid work both on identifying the sources and proposing remedies. As a newsmaker, however, it was overshadowed by such Canadian staples as the whopping national debt, constitutional wrangles between

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Ottawa and the provinces, and Quebec's status within—or edging out of—the federation.

Because America's industries account for up to 70 percent of the acid rain falling in some regions of Canada, it was assumed to be a matter for Ottawa to tackle with Washington, and Canada's ambassadors—first Allan Gotlieb and now Derek Burney—spent a lot of their time doing exactly that. (Somewhat less publicized is that Canada's sulphur dioxide emissions, per capita, are about double those of the U.S.) At home, although significant progress was made in emission reduction and energy conservation, the culpable industries are basic to the national economy; forcing them into uneconomical measures would affect the national standard of living.

All the while, environmentalists were plugging away at their theme: acid rain was killing the fish and eventually it would kill us, too. In the fourth edition of its *Acid Rain Primer*, the Pollution Probe Foundation reprinted from 11 years ago its report on the death of Nellie Lake, the subject decades before of a work by Canada's best-known painter, A.Y. Jackson:

> Both the artist and the lake are now dead. Jackson died after a long and respected creative career. Nellie Lake died in the youth of its ordinarily anticipated life. Its fish populations slipped away gradually and silently, victims of acidification from rain and snow, polluted by sulphur and nitrogen oxides from smelters and power plants many miles away.

Canada's David Suzuki has communicated his passion for protecting the environment to listeners and viewers in 82 other countries. Writing in *Harrowsmith*, David Lees described how Suzuki's "weekly appearances on CBC's *The Nature of Things* have made him as recognizable as [Canadian Prime Minister] Brian Mulroney, and his participation in the 1985 eight-part special series *A Planet for the Taking* and the 1989 two-hour special *Amazonia* . . . secured his stature as the environmental conscience of the nation."

If there is one thing that emerges from the Special Committee's studies, it is the key role that advances in technology must play in reducing harmful emissions. Yet Lees also refers to Suzuki's "unconditional rejection of technology and economic growth," and this brings us to the politics of the matter.

April 1990 saw two events of singular import: clearance, in committee, of blocks to the passage of a Clean Air Act by the United States Congress; and issuance by the Canadian government of a "green plan" intended "to make Canada, by the year 2000, the industrial world's most environmentally friendly country."

Before he resigned in May (over a matter unconnected with the environment), the environmental minister, Lucien Bouchard, launched a series of public hearings, the results of which will form the basis of legislation. The political implications were twofold. First, he would disarm both the conservatives who accuse his Progressive Conservative Party of being too progressive, and the professional environmentalists who accuse it of not being progressive enough: all would have their say. Second, by easing "the most environmentally friendly country" toward the top of the political agenda in time for the next federal election in 1992, he would chip away at his party's present unpopularity.

Canadians are increasingly aware that they are ruled by political elites who ignore majority opinion and listen only to advocacy groups, most of which are funded from taxes. So Bouchard plays the populist. If the people crave majority rule as the antidote to the advocacy groups they see as governing them now, he'll be glad to accommodate them with a government that listens to the majority.

Or appears to; for experience shows that his hearings will be a second home to the advocacy groups, which are practiced in public speaking and the presentation of papers and which outnumber the rank and file (who are too busy earning a living) and outgun the representatives of business and industry. And the advocates' thrust is toward *government* action; not merely *Canadian* government action, but *international* action: in short, toward the New International Economic Order.

But government action carried to an extreme, as in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, not only devastates the human and physical environments; it does so in the same condition of zero economic growth that environmentalists such as David Suzuki now advocate for the West. Those newly liberated and impoverished peoples in the East seek the intertwining of economic freedom with political freedom that is indispensable to peaceful evolution and the creation of wealth. We, who take political freedom for granted, see our economic freedom increasingly eroded by governments intervening in the marketplace.

If the government's green plan succeeds in raising the national consciousness, it will have done its work, and it should stop there. Out of enlightened self-interest, individuals, whether singly or in businesses, will respond spontaneously, as they are doing already.

In his book, *A Killing Rain*, Thomas Pawlick describes measures taken a decade ago by Kidd Creek Mines and Dow Chemical, both in Ontario, to recapture sulphur dioxide emissions, which enabled them "to come close to energy self-sufficiency in many of [their] operations, drastically cutting overhead costs."

Last year, Adam Zimmerman, chairman of Canada's leading pulp and paper company, told a Canadian Club audience:

> A big modern pulp mill replants all the wood it uses and thus maintains a sustained yield forest. It produces an effluent that is drinkable and virtually undetectable 10 miles downstream, doing no harm along the way, and it may produce about a sugar cube's worth of dioxin in say 300,000 tons of production.

The government will do well to be guided less by professional advocates than by its own stated aim. An environmentally friendly country will be friendly also to what Friedrich Hayek calls free growth and spontaneous evolution.

Kenneth McDonald's third book on Canadian politics, Keeping Canada Together, *was just published. He lives in Toronto.*

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Jeanne Berg

Old McDonald's Farm

by Stephen B. Miles

A Call for a National Agricultural Policy

Now, when world food supplies are more uncertain than they have been for more than a century, the United States badly needs a national agricultural policy. While Congress and its agricultural committees are putting the finishing touches on another farm bill to replace the one expiring, it is not likely that we'll get what we need this year, either. Instead, the 1990 bill is almost certain to be just another of the dozen or so patches on patches that our "farm bills" have been ever since the New Deal's original Agriculture Adjustment Act of 1933.

In the 57 years since then, the agricultural world has changed almost beyond recognition. The number of American farmers has shriveled to a small fraction of the total labor force; U.S. farm production may now not only be leveling off but even about to shrink when good harvests are averaged with an increasing number of bad years; the early governmental concern with boosting farm prices has shifted to allowing them to sink so as to keep export "market share" and to prevent domestic inflation; farm exports, once of little consequence in most years, have become vital both to the U.S. economy saddled with a tremendous trade deficit and to the world's food-short countries, including communist and emerging-from-communism ones. Agriculture has become thoroughly bound up with international finance, energy policy, interest rates, exchange rates, and inflation. Environmental pollution has been added to a worsening farmland conservation problem; food-demand patterns have changed radically both at home and abroad. Most important, world population has almost quadrupled in the last one hundred years, and food supplies are wobbly except in northern North America, southern South America, Western Europe, and Oceania. Agriculture does not mean "just agriculture" anymore.

From the 30's through the early 70's, farm bills were moderately effective in making a more orderly adjustment to the two trends of greater farm production/lower farm prices and a smaller on-farm population and labor force. In 1875, farmers and farm workers were each growing enough raw materials to feed and clothe four people. A hundred years later, according to the current Department of Agriculture definition of "farmer," each was supporting about sixty at the American standard of living. (If "farmer" were defined more rigorously, this figure could triple or quadruple.) At the same time, the number of farmers on the farm plummeted, and the number involved in manufacturing and selling farm "inputs" in the marketing of food, fiber, and related services soared.

The farm bills may have affected these trends somewhat, but not much. Technology, however, has had an enormous effect. The agricultural technology of the second half of this century has been called "The Green Revolution": acre-crunching machinery, hybrid corn, synthetic fertilizer, chemical pesticides, greatly increased use of irrigation, and other devices and practices the USDA lumps under the term "science power." Without the Green Revolution's whopping increase in farm productivity, a U.S. population of 213 million in 1975 would not have been remotely possible.

But was it all technology and "science power"? Is it likely, or even conceivable, that this tremendous increase would have resulted if, instead of the 1875-1975 century warming that came to include what some climatologists call the mid-20th-century climatic optimum, we had continued with the Little Ice Age that had begun in the mid-16th century and ended in the mid-19th? Or if the droughty 1930's had been immediately followed by the droughty (and weather-extreme) 1980's?

The underlying assumption of the farm bills was "yes." So strongly were (and are) most farm economists committed to technology that when a climatological/agronomic report warned that bad weather could and would reduce crop yields in 1974, it only drew a letter from then Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz scoffing at the idea that anything could dethrone man from his technological supremacy. Mr. Butz called attention to a 1965 USDA report that concluded, "man has reduced variation in yield in both good and bad weather. . . . It seems logical to assume that continued progress has been made since that date, particularly in the use of fertilizers, improved cultural practices and . . . increased mechanism."

What the secretary was really saying was that since the beginning of the Green Revolution, the thousands and millions of years when man was dependent on forces beyond his control, and especially on weather, had become hardly worth mentioning. "The pattern by which the future must be judged," Mr. Butz said in essence, "is the last thirty or fifty years." Reid Bryson, director of Environmental Studies at the University of Wisconsin, finds these years to have been "the most abnormally warm period in a thousand years." Climatologist Iben Browning wrote in 1975 that "We have to look back 65,000 years to find a period as temperate as our own."

The USDA's first prediction of corn production in 1974 was 6.7 billion bushels, 18 percent above the year before. (Stephen Schneider says in his book *Genesis Strategy*, "The USDA confidently predicted a record corn crop in the U.S. in 1974 up through mid-July, despite the well-publicized difficulties farmers experienced in planting.") Unfortunately, the 1974 weather followed the scenario of the climatological/agronomic report. Actual corn production that year was 4.7 billion bushels, 18 percent *below* 1973.

Even worse, 1974 proved to be the year that told American farm technology worshipers, if any had listened, that the mid-century climatic optimum and

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the Green Revolution it had made so effective was probably coming to a close, not only in America but all over the world. In the twenty years between 1970 and 1989, drought in the African Sahel became almost permanent; North American harvests were characterized by four droughts, each of the last three worse than the one before, and at least five regional crop fiascos; drought, winterkill, or other forms of extreme weather jeopardized at least six harvests of the four main food producers (the United States, China, the USSR, and India). At the most, only five or six of these twenty years were as free as the preceding thirty years from weather-related crop busts.

As of this writing, parts of the Western Cornbelt are even drier than at the time of the 1988 drought and 1989 partial drought. When *Farming* magazine asked Louis Thompson, the Iowa State agronomist and prime mover of the report that so failed to move Secretary Butz, "Is our weather more variable these days?" Dr. Thompson replied: "Heavens, yes! It is the most variable since the '30's . . . The variability has been increasing since 1974," growing most pronounced during the last three years. He sees crop failure ahead.

In agriculture, we must go back to square one and start over. This new start should begin not with "justice for the farmer," not with arguments about farm prices, not with shibboleths of market prices versus taxpayer subsidies, but with a set of principles.

The first of three affirmative principles is "strong families." Even today, despite the technological revolution of the past hundred years, most American farmers retain elements of family management. Encouraging a complete revival of family farming should be the first objective of a national agricultural policy—not only because of the superiority of family values, but because only family farming is likely to be able to meet the agricultural challenges of the 1990's and beyond (including probable food shortages). Evidence presented by Marty Strange in his book *Family Farming* makes it clear that even today (and despite propaganda to the contrary) moderately-sized farms run by families are more efficient than the larger ones run by corporations. The latter are comparatively prodigal in incurring costs. As the costs of farm inputs rise, as they have been doing and are almost sure to continue to do, the superiority of family farming in keeping production costs down can be expected to overwhelm the advantages of industrial farming (more governmental subsidies, better access to capital and credit markets, vertical integration, marketing superiority, savings from bulk buying and selling, and so on). Resurgent family farming may even maintain higher yields on a sustainable basis than corporate farming with its built-in bias for the short run.

"Free enterprise" is another principle that fits farming perhaps better than any other occupation. It should be implicit in any agricultural policy. "Enterprise" really means "work," and "free" means ability to act in accordance with one's own judgment rather than from overt or covert coercion. The meaning of free enterprise in farming, then, is close to the meaning of family farming.

Today, farming is not free. The low prices likely to result from government action require the lavish use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides that promise immediate high yields, even though farmers are coming increasingly to see that they poison soil and groundwater (as well as the farmers themselves). Off-farm jobs, which for many farmers mean survival, also mean hurrying through activities they would like to take their time with. Participation in government programs may be lucrative but requires farmers to override their better judgment in planting what where.

Thirdly, we must discard the notion that "national defense" refers only to the military and its hardware. Japan's national defense already concentrates on making other nations economically dependent on it, and on using the foreign exchange such nations so conveniently provide to buy some of their assets—and so influence their policies. Western Europe, until recently dependent on grain from North America (and, long ago, from Russia and Eastern Europe), seems to regard its enormous agricultural subsidies, which have made it not only almost self-sufficient in food but converted it into a grain exporter and U.S. competitor, as a defense against both the bad-weather famines it knew so well centuries ago, and the dependency it knew two decades ago. Brazil's wholesale conversion of its abundant sugarcane into ethanol for motor fuel is national defense against an energy shortage, loss of foreign exchange, OPEC. Gorbachev may be coming to regard Russia's military hardware more as a bargaining chip to gain access to American food supplies and consumer goods than a way of ensuring his country's defense.

If agriculture is accepted as an instrument of national defense, a national agricultural policy should call for maximum production consistent with long-range sustainability and conservation needs. When such a policy produces surpluses, such surpluses could either be taken off the market to put in reserve, or converted to ethanol to reduce dependency on foreign oil—which the Department of Energy says would otherwise reach 60 percent by 1995.

There are also two "negative" principles that apply equally well to agriculture. First is "limited government": we should severely restrict government involvement in agriculture—and, in the 1990's, farmers themselves may well be in the vanguard calling for just this. While early-century farmers clamored for a government-controlled floor to agricultural prices, by the late 1980's the floor was becoming a ceiling. The price of a bushel of corn averaged $2.52 in 1979. Between then and 1989, the general price level rose more than 70 percent. But instead of following this rise to more than $4.00, the price of a bushel of corn dipped below $2.00 in the summer of 1989, despite the corn demand/supply relationship being roughly the same as ten years before. The main reason for the price drop was that government price support, in 1989, was $1.65 compared with $2.10 in 1979.

Finally, there is the necessary opposition to "universalist ideology." Farming in Russia and elsewhere has been ruined by communism. The ideologies of "farm relief," "progress," "parity prices," and "free trade" are only slightly less destructive. All shift the focus away from the individual, and all discourage the farmer from engaging with the unexpected. Even the generalization that reliance on "market forces" is *always* the thing to do is an

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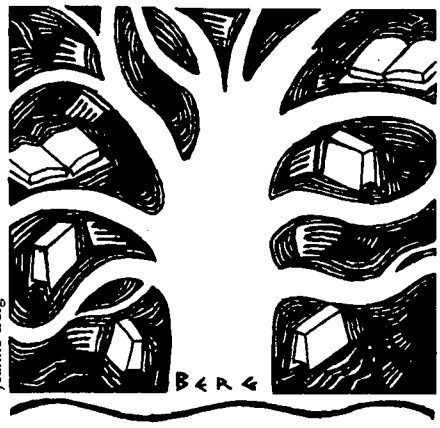
ideology. A national agricultural policy cannot afford to bow before *any* "universalist ideology."

Stephen B. Miles writes from Falls City, Nebraska.

HISTORY



Jeanne Berg

Conversation in Warsaw

by George Watson

Several Nazi concentration camps, as I explained in a recent *Chronicles* article called "Buchenwald's Second Life" (July 1989), were used by the Soviet occupying authorities in East Germany for some five years after the war, and for their original purpose.

That was once a secret, but we are now in a wholly new age. Some months after the article appeared the Berlin Wall came down, in November 1989; and some months after that, in March 1990, East Germans began to dig for bodies at at least one of the Soviet camp sites, Oranienburg near Berlin. The sudden liberation of Eastern and Central Europe means that a new era of archaeology has begun, and of the grimmest kind—much of it, in the most literal sense, digging up, and for much of which the quarry is human bones and human flesh.

No reliable figure has ever been put on Communist exterminations west of the Soviet borders after 1945. The first eight years, down to Stalin's death in 1953, were Stalinist, and in *The Great Terror* (1968) Robert Conquest suggested an estimate of 25 to 30 million deaths within the Soviet Union in the age of Lenin and Stalin. Beyond the Soviet Union strictly conceived—in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, the Baltic states, and East Germany—the human toll since 1945 is anyone's guess. Until quite recently, no Communist killing-field except Katyn has ever been dug up under the eyes of neutral witnesses. New details are, however, now coming to light, namely about Nazi-Soviet cooperation in mass-murder during their joint occupation of Poland in 1939-41.

A photo has recently been discovered in a Kracow library that tells a good deal. It is from a Nazi-sponsored German-language newspaper published there during the occupation, the *Krakauer Zeitung* of April 25, 1940, or about two weeks after the Katyn massacre of Polish officers by the Soviet NKVD. April 1940 was six months after Hitler and his Communist allies completed the dismemberment of Poland that began World War II. The photo is coolly headed "Discussion of German-Russian Refugee Exchange Control," and it shows two officers, one Soviet and one Nazi, with a young man between them, presumably an interpreter, seated at a table in Warsaw. The interpreter is speaking to the Russian, and the picture is subtitled: "As already announced, the Soviet Liaison Committee has begun work on the German-Soviet exchange of refugees in Warsaw: our photograph shows the leader of the Soviet committee, General Yegnarov, to the left, and on the right the representative of the German committee, Herr Schön." The article that follows is a routine Nazi protest against foreign propaganda about the occupation of Poland: "German special courts are not blood courts: foreign atrocity propaganda refuted—only twelve death sentences out of 15,000 hearings." The purpose of the whole story is evidently to impress Poles with the fact that the two occupying powers are cooperating intimately and in detail, and that all resistance is now useless.

Its interest, however, is far-reaching. It was once supposed that the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of August 1939, which secretly awarded east Poland and the Baltic states to the Soviet Union, was limited to governmental and ambassadorial contacts, that it led to no more intimate collaboration than that, and that the Communist and Nazi régimes continued to treat each other down to Hitler's invasion of Russia in June 1941 with polite disdain. That myth should never have been believed. A former Polish prime minister, for example, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, has shown in *The Pattern of Soviet Domination* (1948) that an agreement was made between Moscow and Berlin soon after the joint occupation of Poland to exchange prisoners. The situation was potentially embarrassing to both sides. Early in 1940 the Soviets complained to their allies that nearly 30,000 Ukrainians had been collected by the Nazis to be trained for the German armed forces, though Soviet citizens; and in exchange they offered some thousands of Polish officers whom they still held prisoner. The Nazis at first accepted, then rejected the proposal, mindful (perhaps) of their grand design of emptying Poland

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for themselves. They would return the Ukrainians, they replied, but did not want the Poles.

That may have been the moment when Stalin resolved to kill them. In April 1940, some five thousand Polish officers, hands bound behind their backs, were shot in the back of the neck at Katyn, in a wood near Smolensk, their bodies being piled deep in mass graves and buried there; another ten thousand Polish officers disappearing in the same week, presumably killed in some similar fashion by the NKVD at other sites inside the Soviet Union. It is likely that by then the Gestapo and the NKVD had been collaborating intimately for some months. A German diplomat in Moscow, Hans-Heinrich von Herwarth, has told in his memoir *Against Two Evils* (1981) how, when Ribbentrop arrived at Moscow's airport in August 1939, Gestapo and NKVD officers were seen to shake hands warmly and smile at each other. "But watch out," a German friend remarked to Herwarth. "This will be disastrous, especially when they start exchanging files." The 1940 Nazi photo may well show them doing just that, and it supports the view that there were direct discussions on prisoner-exchange early in 1940, when the Soviets handed over a large number of prisoners, including Jews, to their Nazi allies.

The identity of the two officers in the photograph of April 1940 may never certainly be established, and it is not even clear that the printed names are to be trusted. No Yegnarov is known among NKVD functionaries responsible for the Katyn mass-murder, though a certain Major S.Y. Yegorov has been listed and is known to have been promoted to major-general by the end of the war. Perhaps there is no connection; or perhaps the names of Yegnarov and Yegorov have been accidentally or deliberately confused. But one truth, at least, remains too probable to be easily dismissed: that the Soviets during those early months of joint occupation instructed their Nazi allies in techniques of repression and extermination.

That was known or guessed by Poles at the time. In his account of the Polish underground, *The Secret Army*, T. Bor-Komorowski has told how in March 1940, a few weeks before the conversation in Warsaw, an NKVD mission had gone to Kracow to work out with the Gestapo the methods they might jointly adopt against Polish military organizations. The Nazis, he believed, greatly admired the NKVD for their superior efficiency in combating the underground, Russian techniques being "a hundred times more dangerous and efficient than the Gestapo's." That, after all, was to be expected. The Soviet terror-machine was over twenty years old by 1940, and it had the extensive experience of Stalin's 1930's purges to call on. The Nazis had little, and it is often forgotten how late, and how highly concentrated, Hitler's extermination program was, and how technically inexperienced the Nazis were in such matters at the outbreak of the war. In the spring of 1940 the Germans had no record of mass-killing, and the decision known as the Final Solution was not taken till as late as January 1942; they had no available model except that of their Communist allies. They had not yet collected vast numbers of people in specified places, that is to say, or herded them onto trains or into forest clearings where they could be killed by the thousand; and mass-grave killing, so far as is known, is something they had not yet attempted. The Soviets had done all that by 1940. They had even used gas. A memoir by a Soviet defector, Peter Grigorenko, has recently shown that the NKVD were using exhaust fumes in the 1930's in Omsk, in Siberia, to kill prisoners in windowless trucks, whereas the earliest Nazi use of gas appears to have been on incurables in September 1939. It was not until late in 1941, at Chelmno near Lodz and after the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union, that the Nazis employed this technique on Jews and dissidents.

That makes April 1940 look all the more significant as a date in human history. At Katyn, in that month, some five thousand Polish officers were shot in the back of the neck by the NKVD, hands tied behind them, to be buried ten to twelve feet deep in graves already prepared for the purpose in a wooded area long used by the NKVD. As a technique it is remarkably similar to what the Nazis later did in the Ukraine and elsewhere. In March 1944, for example, in the Fosse Ardeatine near Rome, Nazis shot 335 Italian hostages through the back of the neck. It was a method already familiar in Stalin's purges of the 1930's, so there can be no reasonable doubt that it was known to the Soviets before it was known to the Nazis.

There is much historical work to be done, then, in the field of Nazi-Soviet collaboration, and it now seems likely that it will be done. What East Germans found at Oranienburg in March 1990 is only a tiny beginning. Central and Eastern Europe, even Soviet Asia, may now be entering a period of human excavation unheard of in human history, and one beside which even the revelations of the Nazi death-camps in 1945 may look small. In all that a single photograph, and a single article, in a Nazi newspaper in April 1940 is only one small crumb of evidence. Perhaps the two officers seated at a table in Warsaw are discussing, among other matters, Katyn, which happened only a week or two before. Since some of the Polish officers who died there had been handed over into Russian hands by the Nazis, and since all of them had been recently refused by the Nazis after a hesitant acceptance, the Nazis may well have been curious to know what had become of them.

It is natural, too, to suppose that the Nazi officer is seeking technical advice about genocide from his Soviet colleague. Massacre is always technically difficult if secrecy is to be maintained, if only because discreet corpse-disposal in the mass is a highly complicated business; and the text of the article shows how determined the Nazis were, early and late, to deny and disguise what they did. That determination remained; and the holocaust (as it has since come to be known) was always, at least in intention, a secret operation. In that case the bull-necked Nazi officer on the right in the photograph, supposedly called Schön, may be about to learn something momentous from his Communist colleague, whose hands are earnestly clasped before him and who looks about to speak.

George Watson, who is a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, is the author of The Idea of Liberalism *and* The Certainty of Literature *(St. Martin's Press). His* British Literature since 1945 *will be published in the fall.*

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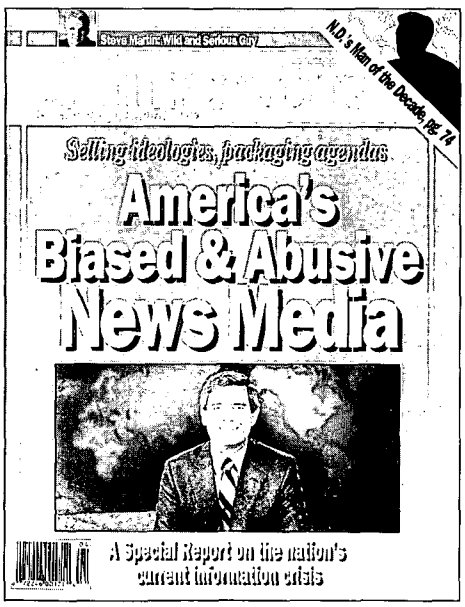
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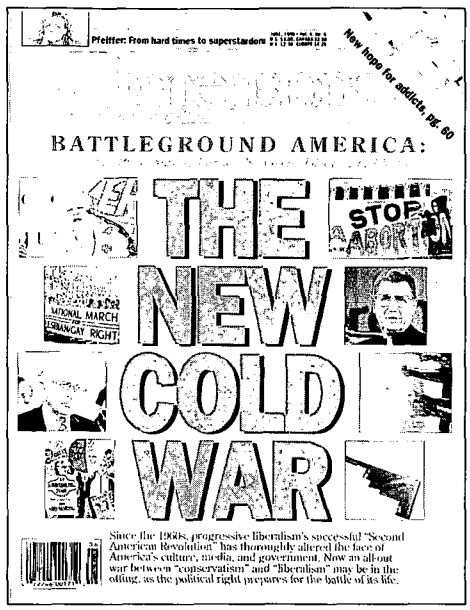
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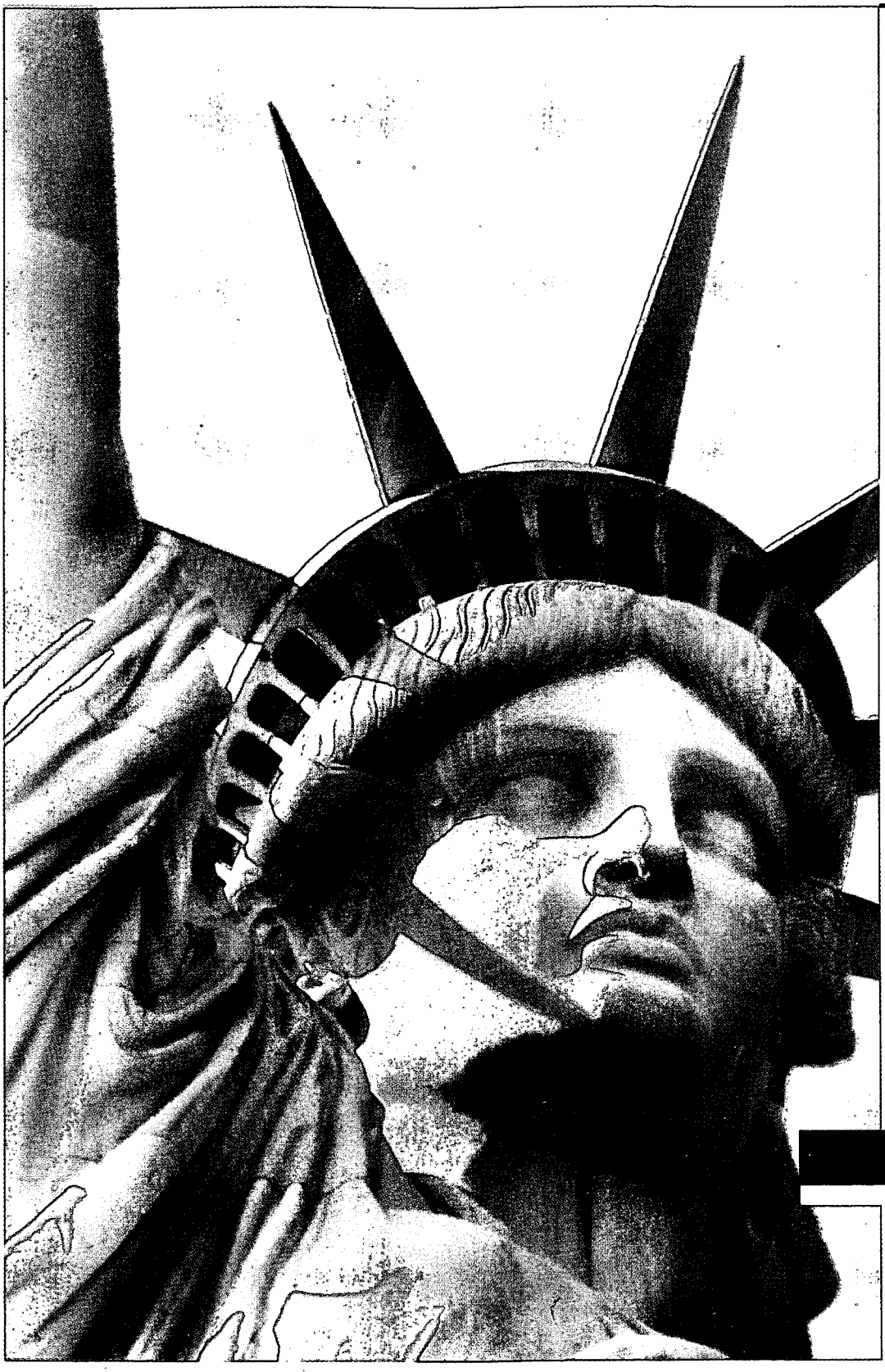

Around the world, there is much talk of peace and that is good. Yet we should remember, as President Reagan said, "Peace isn't simply an absence of war, but a presence of justice." Tyranny, in all its forms, corrupts justice and stifles the human spirit. We must never forget this truth. Our immigrants won't. They know that Americanism is more than love of country; it is love of principles, principles which can change the world. And will.

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